

Children's Newspaper, August 23, 1930

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*See back page*

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

Number 596

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AUGUST 23, 1930

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## A NEGRO AND HIS WONDERFUL WORK

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Eight

### KILLING TWO BAD THINGS AT ONCE

#### A VERY BIG LONDON IDEA

Cover Up the Railways and  
Get Rid of the Slums

#### L.C.C. PLEASE LOOK INTO IT

What is the blot on the great town of London, which with all its shortcomings still seems to be what the overseas cockney called it—half the blessed world—to every citizen of the Empire?

It has more than one fault. It is grimy with coal smoke in winter, dusty in summer, noisy at all times, and crowded generally. But these are mere trifles compared with the London Slum.

Take a map of London and spot it with the places where there are slums, and it will look like a piece of blotting paper. Some are big blots, like that which covers the ground from Stepney to Blackwall, and some are small ones like World's End in Chelsea or an area in Notting Dale. Not a few cluster about the dark arches of railways where they run into London.

#### Why People Live in Slums

It is very difficult to soak up these blots. If one area is cleared it seems to reappear elsewhere. There was one notorious slum cleared off by a railway, the Lisson Grove black spot which was built over by the Great Central Railway.

More recently the network of mean streets at the back of St Pancras, between the old Midland and North-Western approaches to their terminal stations, has been greatly improved. But the obstacle to clearing up a slum is that there is nowhere to put the slum-dwellers until another home has been found for them.

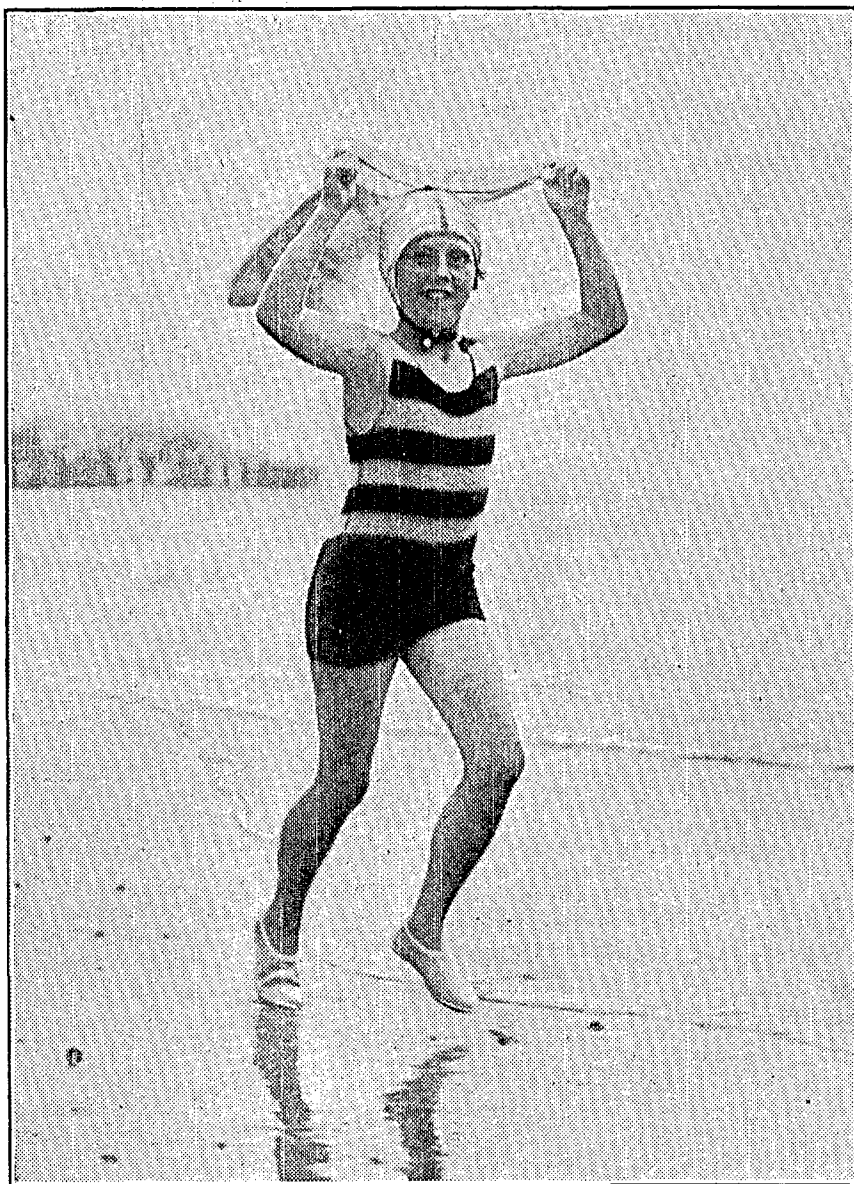
It is no accident, or at any rate it is very nearly an unavoidable one, that people live in London slums. Poverty is not the only cause which keeps them there. Habit is another. The most compelling cause is that the slum is near their employment or convenient for it. This is perhaps specially true of the slums which blot the lines of the railways in the London area.

#### A Growing Problem

There are about 40 miles of open railway within the County of London, great slashes among the houses and serving no other purpose than to bring trains, their passengers and their goods, into King's Cross, St Pancras, Euston, Marylebone, Paddington, Victoria, Waterloo, London Bridge, and Liverpool Street. The lines to Charing Cross, Cannon Street and Broad Street, St Paul's and Holborn Viaduct, are elevated, and very little improvement the neighbourhood of these stations gains from that circumstance.

It has been calculated that the total area covered by these long and wide gashes among the streets and houses of London amounts to 350 acres, almost as

### Health and Happiness



Sea bathing is one of the best of all tonics. What could be more expressive of health and happiness than this picture of a little holiday-maker running joyously along the sands before taking her morning dip?

great an area as that covered by Hyde Park. The problem will not grow easier as time goes on, London adding to itself a town the size of Brighton and 100,000 people every year. The only way in which an attempt is being made to deal with it is to improve the means of getting in and out of London by omnibuses and Tubes, especially Tubes, so that the working millions may spread themselves farther out and yet be able to get to their work in industrial London.

This may be the only permanent way to improving the situation, or it may turn out to be only another roundabout way, like those which were devised to lessen the traffic blocks.

But it is to be noted that, both on account of traffic and because there is no possibility of cutting new open railways into the heart of London, the new ways and means of transporting the workers will be Tubes.

There is the germ of an idea for thinning out the slums. Suppose all the 40 miles of open railways cutting into

London were Tubes. Or suppose the 350 acres over which their lines of steel rails run were covered in and that this great area could be added to London's building assets.

If the railways that now run into the town, some into its heart, were covered in as soon as they approached central and industrial London what an invaluable area of open space would become available! On it could be built houses and streets and open spaces.

London will have to awaken to the need of somehow relieving the pressure of population, of redeeming the slums, and of improving traffic approaches.

One very great improvement would be brought about by the building-in of the railway lines. The trains would run electrically in their covered-in tunnels; their smoke and clatter would disappear. London's uncovered 350 acres of railway line would prove, if dealt with on a proper scale, one of the most valuable examples of a realised idea in the city's history.

### A BED OF GOLD THE BEGGAR WHO SLEPT ON A FORTUNE

An Old Man's Last Possession  
Makes Him Rich

#### THE LITTLE TIN TUBE

Surely there are not many beggars in the world who could boast, even if they would, of having lain on gold all their lives!

Andrea Begasberta, an old beggar of Milan, is one of the few; but it must be added for his justification that up to a very short time ago he was entirely unaware of it. Indeed, he might have gone to his grave without having found it out had it not been for the meanness of a pedlar who refused to give even the modest sum of ten lire for his last possession, a rickety old bedstead.

Andrea Begasberta had, as the saying is, seen better days, but it was so long since they had turned into very bad days that he had almost forgotten the fact. Bit by bit he had had to sell every stick of the furniture which had been left over from the time of his prosperity till only the old bedstead remained. And there came a day when, cold and ill and hungry, he realised that he must sell that to buy food and fuel.

#### Cut Up for Firewood

He offered it to a pedlar for ten lire; but the man would not give even one for it, and old Andrea, in despair, decided to cut it up himself for firewood; if he could not still his hunger he would at least get warm. What was his astonishment to find, on severing the legs from the body, that one of them was hollow inside and contained, neatly stowed away in a tin tube, a pile of coins!

Though old and dirty and tarnished the coins were unmistakably gold, and when the old beggar had counted them he found that there were no less than a hundred of them.

Trembling with excitement he hastened to the nearest antiquity shop, whose owner he knew, and begged him to tell him the value of his find. Now the man must have been either very ignorant or very dishonest, for he declared that the coins were so old they were practically worthless, but he offered him two lire each for them. Andrea, being badly in need of money, sold him ten, but he took the rest to a jeweller who, honest man, sold them for him for 240 lire a piece.

So the poor old beggar is a rich man now, and all because the pedlar refused to give ten lire for his old bedstead.

We wonder how the pedlar is feeling!

#### A FREE PORTRAIT

This interesting notice appears in the showcase of a London photographer:

Will the burglar who stole portraits from this case call here, when his photograph will be taken absolutely free of charge?



## THE WOMAN DRAKE LOVED

A TABLET TO MARY NEWMAN

Great Days in Merrie England

THE CANNON BALL LEGEND

They are going to put up a memorial tablet on the wall of Mary Newman's cottage in Saltash.

Mary Newman is not famous like Anne Hathaway, yet she, too, was loved by one of the great Elizabethans, and for his sake Devon means to keep her memory green.

Francis Drake loved her, and so we think she must have been something more than pretty. Drake's father was a yeoman who was persecuted for his faith in the reign of Philip and Mary; Drake's kinsman was that fearless sailor Sir John Hawkins; and when Drake's friend Doughty proved false our famous seaman condemned him to death after a court-martial on the wintry shores of Patagonia.

### Honour Before Friendship

We read that "although his private affection to Mr Doughty was great, yet the care he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of Her Majesty, and of the honour of his country, did more touch him, as indeed it ought, than the private respect of one man." So the friends partook of the Holy Communion together, and said farewell, and Doughty laid his head upon the block.

Such was Drake, and such were his kin. We may be sure such a man could not care for a woman of weak character and dull wits. Mary Newman of Saltash must have been the sort of maid who could harness a horse as well as make a junket, and could promise that if the Spaniards landed she would help to defend Merrie England if need be with a pitchfork.

### England's Darling

She died 348 years ago, and had no biographer, but, as we have settled that she was charming and spirited we can also be sure she was happy. Who would not have been proud of Drake's love? At 22 he had distinguished himself so well that he was made a captain; at 32 he set off on his immortal voyage round the world in a cockleshell. He was England's darling and Spain's fury, and Mary Newman was his first love.

Legends always gather about popular heroes, and besides the legend of Drake's drum there is the story of his cannon ball. Some pretend that during his long voyage a rumour reached Devon that he had died, and his wife was about to marry again when a cannon ball came bouncing up through the floor of the church. It had been fired by Drake on the other side of the world as a signal that his wife was no widow.

### Plymouth's Most Famous Man

The truth is that Francis, not Mary, married again. She lived to see him return loaded with treasure and glory, to hear him describe to her how Queen Elizabeth had knighted him, and how he had danced with her in Middle Temple Hall, and to know him the most famous of all Plymouth men. She died soon after, and left him with so high an opinion of womankind that he married again. Never was any woman on Earth the worse for knowing Drake; it was death to any of his men to hurt the hair of a woman's head.

It was well for Mary that she did not live to learn of his dying, broken-hearted and fevered, off Porto Bello, Panama, when he was only about 50. Saltash can think of Mary Newman as a happy spirit, if ever Saltash does imagine her looking from one of the old cottage windows for her stalwart sweetheart as she looked centuries ago.

## THE WAY TO FRANCE

WHY NOT MAKE IT EASIER?

Things That Might be Done While Waiting For the Tunnel

THE FERRY

Customers will never be wanting for the Channel Crossing, but those who take their money are strangely reluctant to offer them more comfort for it.

The Channel Tunnel has been set aside till a new generation is born which will not believe that it is too costly or too difficult a feat of engineering. The more modest scheme of a Channel Ferry on to which the trains from London or Paris could be run, and their passengers ferried across without leaving their carriage compartments, is also dismissed as not practicable.

Nothing is practicable until it is tried. A few years ago the railways would not have believed that motor-coaches could make them close some of their stations. Nor would they believe now that an Air Ferry for passengers across the Channel will some day take as many fares as now submit to the tedious and bungling business of getting off and on the boat at Dover or Folkestone, and Calais or Boulogne.

### Out-of-Date Harbours

The bugbears raised to deny the hopes of a Channel Ferry are the harbours at Calais and Boulogne. Both are inconvenient, at both there is a considerable rise and fall of tide, amounting to 20 feet; and it is said that the French railways show a marked unwillingness to do anything to improve the harbours or bring their own arrangements into line or up to date.

There are some things they do better in France, but railways are not one of them. If the maxim of progressive traders in other businesses is that the customer is always right on the French railways it too often is that the customer must take what he can get.

Yet the French have another motto, that nothing is safe from the engineer. He pulls down and he builds up.

A nation which produced the engineers to cut the Suez Canal and begin the Panama might be able to find some who would tackle the harbours of Calais and Boulogne. French enterprise built a harbour at Casablanca out of a sand-bank on the African coast. It should be able to do as much for the improvement of Calais and Boulogne.

### Unnecessary Evils

It is hardly fair to blame our own Southern Railway for a lack of enterprise if the French railways will not keep in step with them when they do attempt to march forward. But, apart from these trying ordeals to which passengers have to submit, sometimes after a painful experience in crossing the Channel, the cost of transshipping goods is one which is extremely wasteful.

A storm-tossed passenger might be forgiven for thinking after he had stumbled down the gangway, found his porter and his baggage, threaded his difficult way through the Customs, and hunted for his seat in the train, that no price would be too high to pay to escape these unnecessary evils.

M Briand, the French Premier, cherishes the scheme of a United States of Europe. A Channel Ferry would be a useful first step, free from all the fears that choke the Channel Tunnel. It is a scheme which, because it needs international cooperation in one way, would make united effort easier in all.

### WITHOUT A PASSPORT

When the Warsaw Express arrived in Paris the other day, a man was found tied with rope underneath one of the carriages—fast asleep! Being aroused, he first demanded food and then announced that he had come to join the Foreign Legion.

## THE OPEN GARDEN

Let Beautiful Things Be Seen

We think our readers will be interested in the following letters that have just appeared in The Times, the first from a garden lover known here as Nemo; the other from a C.N. friend who was staying at King Arthur's Castle, Tintagel, when the first letter appeared.

Sir, I am the happy owner of a garden. It is not very extensive, but my friends are good enough to say that it is a beautiful garden, and I am disposed to agree with them. It also has the advantage of opening out of a small side-road and of being within a mile of a small country town. On Sundays in July for several years past I have been in the habit of opening the garden free to the public from 3 to 9 p.m. They have come in large numbers, my biggest "bag" having been over 900; they do no damage, and they leave no litter. My reason for wishing to inform your readers of these facts is the hope that many others who are as happily placed as I am with regard to their garden may feel encouraged in a similar way to give great pleasure to many hundreds of their neighbours without suffering any damage, expense, or inconvenience themselves.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully, NEMO

### A Hilltop in Kent

Sir, The Times brings to the stormy heights of Tintagel the one touch we are able to command with civilisation at the moment I write; and the letter of Nemo sends back one or two minds to a hilltop in Kent, at the head of the finest valley within an hour of London, which is thrown open every day for all who will to wander in.

Like Nemo's, the garden is not large, but its few acres are a remarkable example of what the love of one or two people, the labour of one or two gardeners, a very few inches of soil, and 15 years of time have been able to make out of a bare hilltop, and it has occurred to us as a friendly thing to open its gates to all our neighbours, near and far.

As in Nemo's garden, many hundreds have been in it in a very few weeks, and they have been orderly, appreciative, clearly delighted with the sight of a beautiful thing, and with not a Litter Lout among them. I know that this has also been the experience of Mr Arthur Trower, who may be described as the Pioneer of the Open Garden in this country. His wonderful garden at Wiggie, Redhill, has for years been open to all who will, and its daffodils are a matchless piece of our English countryside in spring.

In most of our villages there are one or two beautiful gardens: who can doubt that it would make for friendliness and goodwill everywhere to throw them open, at least sometimes, to those for whom our public parks are largely inaccessible?

As I write away from home may I add that our own garden, always open to all, is at Eynsford Hill in Kent?

Yours faithfully, ARTHUR MEE  
King Arthur's Castle Hotel, Tintagel.

### A VIEW AND A WELCOME

From a C.N. Correspondent

While taking a short stroll through Mill Hill this notice, pinned to the gate of a private house, caught my eye:

*The public may enter the garden and use the seats around the left of the garage during daylight.*

Gladly I accepted this cordial invitation from an unknown host.

The garden proved to be magnificent and the view still more so. Only one other shared these beauties with me, an old down-at-heel tramp, who drew in deep breaths of the flower-scented air.

"Smells lovely, don't it?" he said, waving his cherrywood pipe in the direction of a clump of mignonette. "I often come here of an evening to rest."

I could not help wishing that other owners of beautiful gardens would follow the example of this kindly Millhillian.

## THE LEAGUE DISCUSSES AIR LINES

INTERNATIONAL ORGANISATION

Efforts to Improve the Amenities of Civil Aviation

AIR ROUTES AND POSTAL SERVICES

By Our League Correspondent

A meeting of the Air Transport Cooperation Committee took place last month in Geneva.

It met to study questions of international organisation in air navigation in accordance with a resolution of the last conference on Communications and Transit. Its aim was to bring about cooperation between the Governments of all countries to improve the present situation of civil aviation, which is less advanced than it should be.

### Passenger and Postal Traffic

The first thing to do was to draw up a programme of study in order to be able to reach the greatest possible number of practical conclusions at a later session, and among the subjects selected were those of passenger and postal traffic. The Committee agreed to study the following questions: The choice of permanent air routes to form the main system, an international programme for the equipment of these routes so as to permit of uninterrupted day and night flying, and the manner in which this network should be operated. The competent authorities in each country are, of course, to be consulted and certain experts are to be called in.

A special group is to start immediately on the study of the air post and is instructed to prepare a map of air lines to be established between the capitals and chief postal centres of European countries, to indicate the necessary conditions for marking out air routes by night, to propose means for ensuring traffic in foggy weather, to discuss with postal services the best methods of handing over mail to aircraft, of distributing it, and so on.

### International Cooperation

A number of other matters were included in the Committee's programme which cannot be described in a short space, but important resolutions were taken concerning the simplifications for flights over different countries. It was agreed that Governments should endeavour to ensure that greater freedom should be afforded to regular international air traffic, that they should examine in a most liberal spirit requests for permission to fly over their territories for the purpose of regular transport, and that they should enter into agreements for increasing the economic efficiency of the international air service and develop among the various undertakings a spirit of friendliness which will prepare the ground for closer cooperation.

## THINGS SAID

Good manners are good business.

Design and Industries Association

There is no drunkenness whatever in Portugal.

Dr Arthur Shadwell

Your English policeman is like a father.

A Belgian in London

It is so fatally easy to think that freedom means doing what you like.

Mr Baldwin

I would sooner hear a corn-mill grinding all day than listen to a jazz band.

Mr Justice Eve

A life so good must have a fame so clear That epitaphs of praise are needless here.

Epitaph in a Bristol Church

I would rather England were poor in wealth and rich in humanity than rich in wealth and poor in humanity.

Mr J. B. Priestley

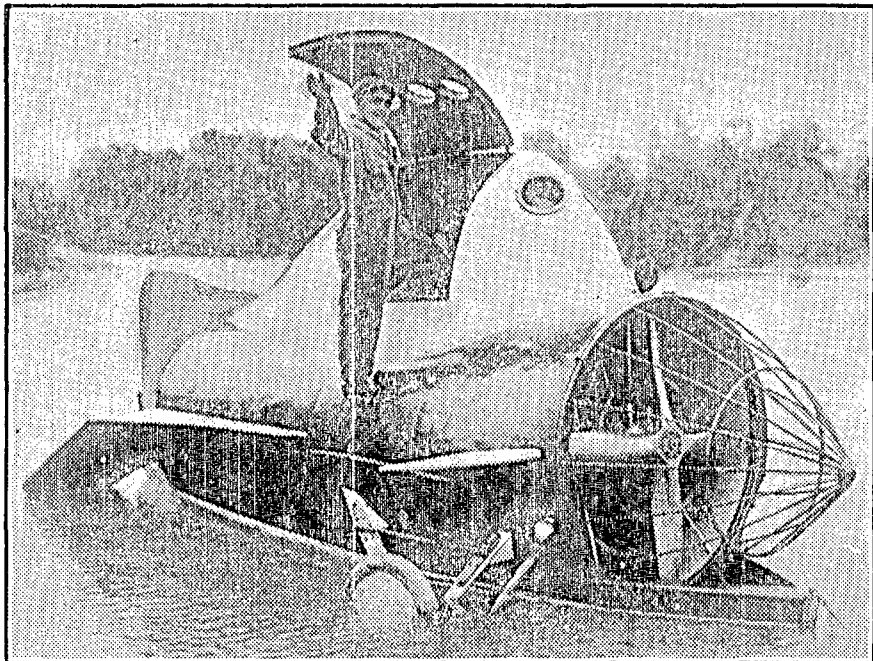


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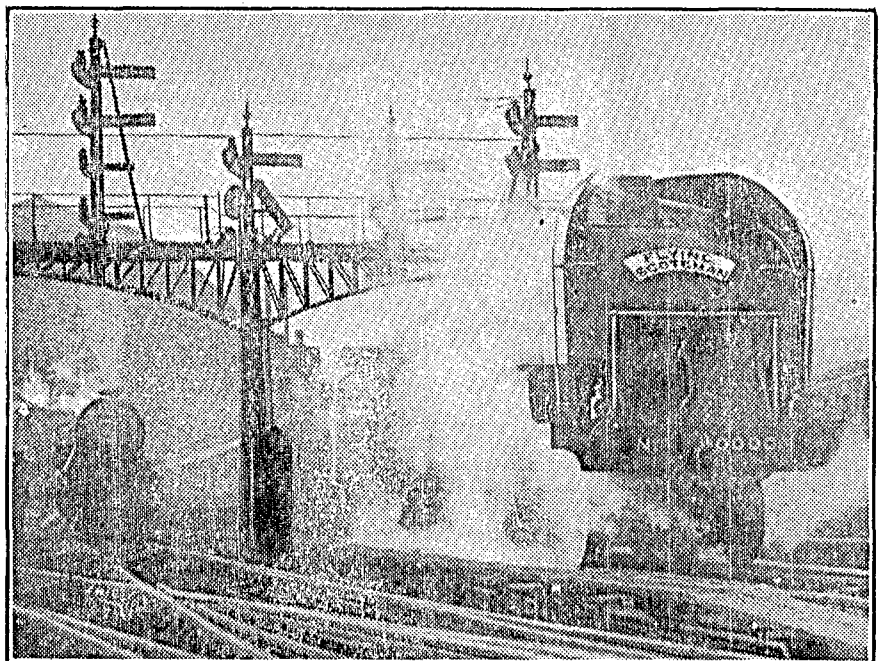
The Children's Newspaper

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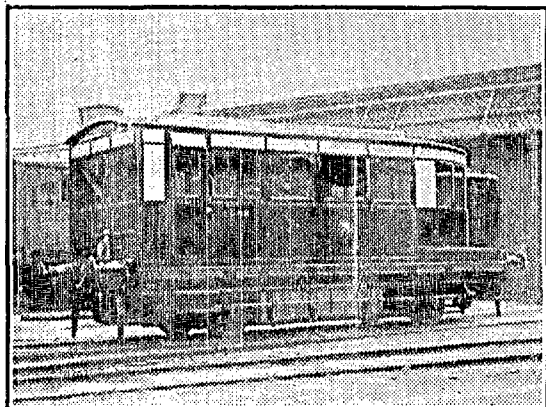
# NEW ELECTRIC TRAIN · THE CHESS VILLAGE · NEGRO SCIENTIST



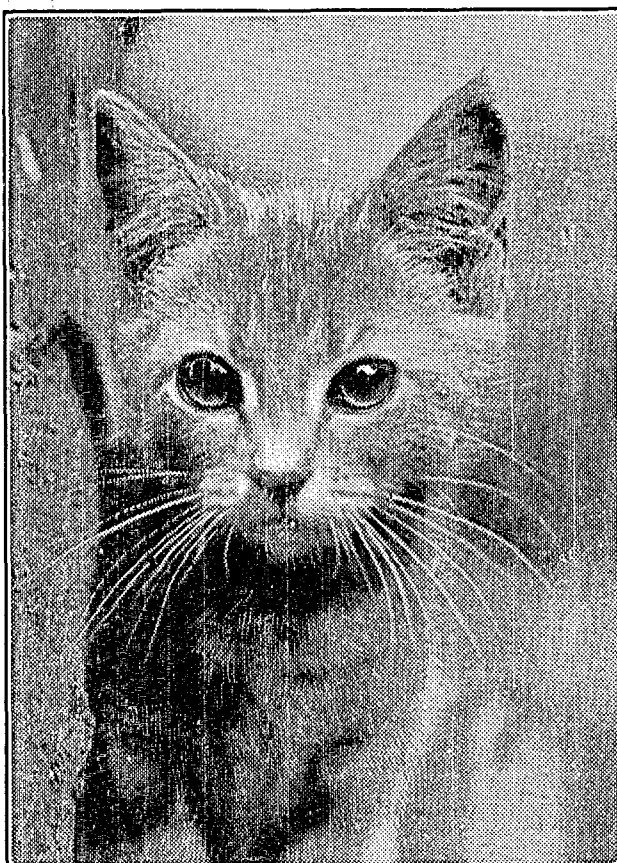
**Speed**—This queer craft, recently tested on Lake Florence, New Jersey, is designed to reach a speed of 300 miles an hour. It has wheels for travelling on land.



**The Flying Scotsman**—The remarkable new L.N.E.R. locomotive No. 10,000 has been used to haul the Flying Scotsman on its non-stop run to Edinburgh. Here it is leaving King's Cross.



**New Electric Train**—This railway car, driven by electric storage batteries invented by Dr James Drumm, has been tried successfully at Inchicore, Ireland. See page 12.



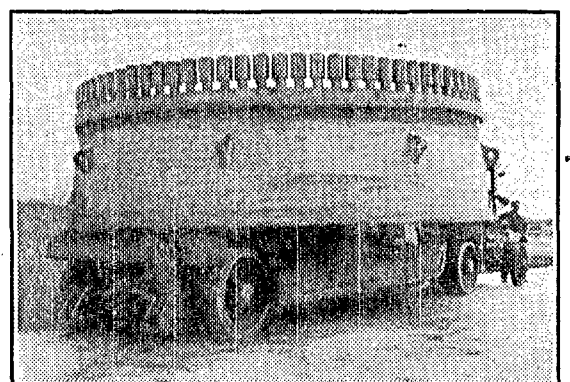
**Recent Arrival at the Zoo**—One of the newcomers at the London Zoo is not fierce enough to require an iron cage. As this picture shows, the new arrival is just a tiny kitten which will grow up in due time into an ordinary domestic cat.



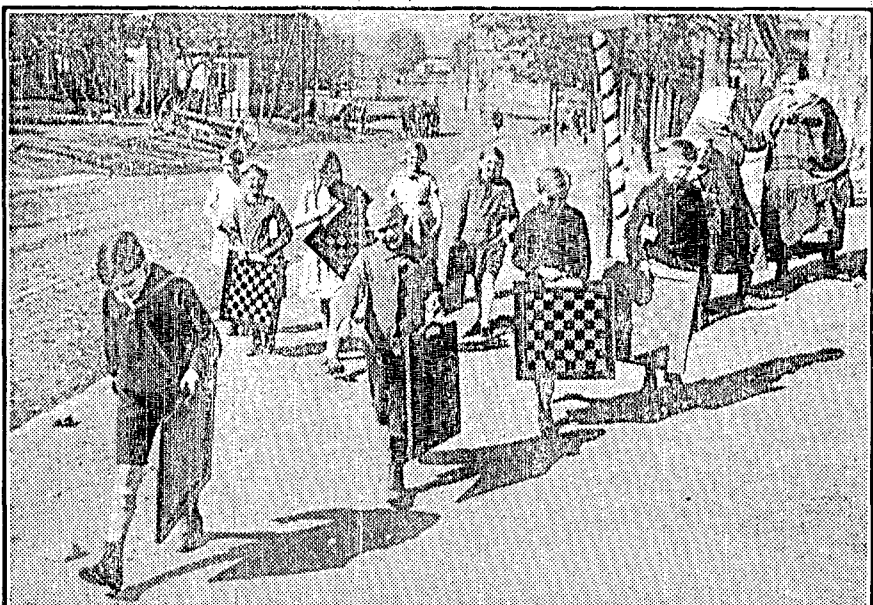
**Negro Scientist**—Dr George Carver is here seen experimenting. As described on page 8, he has produced many useful things from the most unlikely materials.



**Floating Factory**—These men are at work in one of the cold storage rooms of the Blue Peter, a vessel which came to London from Newfoundland with a large cargo of salmon and other fish. Some of the fish was tinned on board.



**A Heavy Load**—Part of a new wind tunnel in which are tested stresses likely to occur to aircraft is here seen on its way from Sheffield to London by road. It is one of four sections, each of which weighs 50 tons.



**The Chess Village**—For nearly 300 years the people of Strobeck, a German village in the Harz Mountains, have been chess players. Here we see children taking their playing boards to school, where the historic game is taught as one of the lessons.



**Horses Go Paddling**—Wimbledon Common, a popular open space on the outskirts of London, is increasing in favour as a resort of horse riders. Here we see two girls taking their mounts through Beverley Brook, which runs across the common.



## BRINGING UP A BABY BEAVER SURPRISE FOR A ZOO KEEPER

Great Precautions in the  
Pond Nursery

### A NEW FRIEND FOR BERTHA

By Our Zoo Correspondent

For the first time for several years the Zoo's beavers are managing to rear an offspring.

The birth of their baby was a surprise, the existence of the little animal not being suspected until one dull afternoon a visitor complained to the keeper that a water rat was annoying one of the beavers. The keeper at once went to investigate and discovered that the rat was a baby beaver taking a little exercise with his mother, who had mistaken a dark afternoon for the approach of nightfall.

#### Docile and Obedient

That the youngster should have been described as a rat is not surprising, for he is only about the size of a man's hand; and although he can swim well he is not as swift as his parents. His effort to keep pace with the mother beaver and his natural playfulness do sometimes make him appear to be teasing her. But he is not teasing her; he is a docile and obedient infant and his mother prizes him greatly.

Unfortunately it is not always easy to get a glimpse of the baby beaver because these Canadian animals usually remain hidden until sunset, but visitors who approach the pond quietly just before the Gardens are closed will probably see him swimming about with his mother, for it is her habit to come out about that time in search of food. And on particularly dull days he is occasionally on view during the afternoon; otherwise his mother remains with him in the nursery or in their little rock home in the middle of the pond until all is quiet.

#### A Subterranean Nursery

The nursery is a subterranean mud house built specially for the baby by the parents. It is furnished with twigs and turf, and apparently the mother improves it every night, for each morning the general appearance of the beavers' enclosure reveals the fact that more and more turf and twigs have been removed. At first the father was not allowed to go into the nursery, but when baby began to grow stronger the mother animal permitted her husband to accompany her and their infant wherever they went.

Her early precautions were hardly necessary, for the male beaver is as anxious as she is to guard their offspring.

The parents of this Zoo baby are the only beavers the Zoo possesses just now, and this is thought to be the reason why the young animal is thriving so well. Although beavers are said to live together in colonies in their natural state the Zoo's specimens have rarely respected the young of their companions, and they have invariably been unfriendly toward newcomers and fought viciously to drive them away.

#### Jealous Bertha

Only once have new additions to the beaver pond been welcomed by an old inhabitant. That was some years ago when the Zoo had an old female called Bertha who had lived alone for ten years and was very jealous of her property. In order to prevent Bertha from attacking the new arrivals the pond was divided by means of iron palings, Bertha being isolated in one half. But the next morning one of the newcomers was found conversing happily with Bertha in her corner of the pond; he had tunnelled a way through to her, and when his friends followed his example and joined Bertha she raised no objection.

## BARNSTAPLE IS 1000

The Borough of Barnstaple presents its compliments to the Parliament of Iceland and begs to point out that it also is a thousand years old.

There have been great rejoicings in Iceland, and from August 9 to September 16 there will be fireworks, music, country dancing, water carnivals, and pageantry at Barnstaple.

It is the first English borough to celebrate its millenary.

Barnstaple likes to remember that it is really older than a thousand years. It was, as its name tells, a Saxon market or staple. Alfred chose it as the centre of defence for North Devon, and Athelstan established a mint there and granted a charter.

#### Sieges and Sorties

Centuries of excitement followed. The Danes raided the coast many times, and then came the struggle between Saxons and Normans. There were sieges and sorties a-plenty all down Barnstaple's history. It fell to the Normans in 1068, and Domesday Book tells how in the Borough called Barnstaple 23 houses have been laid in ruins since King William has had England.

Barnstaple was concerned in rebellions against William Rufus, and during the Civil Wars it changed hands four times. It sent greater tonnage to the invasion of Aquitaine in 1439 than Plymouth or Bristol, and provided five ships to fight the Spanish Armada. Sir Richard Grenville appears to have made Barnstaple his headquarters. What a stir there must have been in the port, what pulsing excitement, what false alarms! Two hundred men drilled on Castle Green and beacons were ever ready.

Barnstaple is very proud of its association with three worthies, James Audley the soldier, John Gay the poet, and James Wilson the sailor.

#### A Brave Shipmaster

In 1588 a Barnstaple shipmaster named Wilson lay in a Spanish prison. We know that sixteenth-century prisons were bad, and we know that sixteenth-century Spaniards could be cruel. His captors went to Wilson and told him he should be released if he would pilot the Armada up the Channel.

He refused. They offered him great rewards as well as liberty, but neither promises nor threats could make him betray his country.

Barnstaple now hopes it has done with fighting for ever, and would rather produce fresh John Gays from its grammar school than hear fresh James Audleys clink swords upon Castle Green.

It is pleasant to think that Barnstaple market is still as important to North Devon as it was when the place was known as Bearda's staple more than a thousand years ago.

## THE ROAD TO PEACE IN SCANDINAVIA

### School Journeys of Goodwill

For seven years a certain association in Scandinavia has been arranging journeys for schoolchildren.

It supplies all the details concerning tickets, routes, and places to stay at, and teachers in the schools fix up the trips accordingly. Nearly 6000 girls and boys took advantage of these opportunities to see other countries last year.

Another way of increasing international friendliness has been a re-union each year in one of the four capitals of young people from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Finland. They are invited to stay in families as guests, and the week of their visit is filled with excursions of all kinds which enable them to get to know something of the city and country they are in. About 100 from each country take part in these re-unions, and find them most attractive. The only expense is the cost of the journey.

## CYZICUS CYCLADOIDES An Ancient Inhabitant Comes Into a Title

### JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS

"I wonder how the stars know their names," said a little girl.

She thought the stars had always had names and that we had discovered them. She thought the lions and tigers, the whales and eagles, the eels and elephants, know themselves by those names.

She cannot have imagined that the Cyzicus Cycladoides call themselves by that title, for though the creatures so described are among the oldest of living things their name is the very newest, having existed only a few weeks.

#### A Solemn Christening

The Cyzicus Cycladoides is a newly-found crustacean, a creature which has a horny shell, like that of a lobster or a shrimp, but the shell is in two portions, and these two entirely enclose the creature's head at will. So the learned men of the French Academy of Science in Paris, to whom the first discovered of the species has just been presented, have had a solemn christening conference and bestowed a name which, without description of the animal, has been telegraphed over the world to set mankind's children wondering.

There exists an ancient architectural word, Cyzicenus, which means a banqueting-hall looking out on a garden through valved windows. Now, the Cyzicus can look out on his garden, in marsh or brackish pool, through his two valves, hence his new name.

By links which we need not trace Cyzicus has an association, through Cyzicenus, with another Cyzicus, a city of immemorial fame in Asia Minor, which was wrecked by earthquakes more terrible than that which Southern Italy is now lamenting, earthquakes which at last caused the removal of all her people, as the people of St Kilda are about to be removed from the scene of their ruined hopes.

#### Night of Tragic Errors

By this time young people who love the story of Jason and the Argonauts will remember that they have heard the name of Cyzicus, the noble young king who hospitably received the Argonauts and was slain by Jason, accidentally, in a night of tragic errors and needless alarms. He it was who is said to have founded the famous city and to have given it its name.

He is a legendary figure, but his city was real, one of the great places of the Earth, with marvellous wealth, art, and culture, one of whose buildings, an enormous temple, was reckoned among the Seven Wonders of the ancient world. It was ennobled for withstanding a siege by Mithridates; it was degraded because it did not worship Augustus as a god; it became the seat of a Christian bishop; it is today a waste.

And now a humble shellfish takes on its name to give its fame new life!

## SETTING THE THAMES ON FIRE

Just above the Free Ferry at Woolwich there was a merry blaze the other day. The Thames was on fire.

People often talk of setting the Thames on fire as if it were a fine thing, but when it happens it is a very terrifying splendour.

A mass of oil floating on the surface had burst into flames and set fire to two barges. Luckily no lives were lost.

Here is another argument for installing oil separators in all oil-driven ships. The other arguments are economy and kindness. Our shores would not be strewn with dying sea birds if all ships carried the separators which enable them to use their oil twice over instead of pumping it into the sea.

## LITTER LOOTS BEWARE HOLBORN'S EYE ON THEM

Keeping the Streets and  
Pavements Tidy

### THE DUSTMAN AND HIS BIN

It is cheering to read that in Holborn the Litter Lout is to be prosecuted for leaving rubbish on the pavements.

This is a very big move forward in the campaign against untidy and ill-mannered people. By having the litter law known and understood in the parks of London we had already made important progress. Now the law is to be extended and we congratulate the Holborn Council on its public spirit.

An understood fact is something which has caught the attention and become hooked in the memory. Holborn's lead may have far-reaching consequences, for the eyes of the world are constantly watching London.

#### Scoutmasters Called In

It is high time some progress was made. Nearly a century ago a Police Act made it an offence for a person to throw or lay in any thoroughfare any coals, stones, slates, shells, lime, bricks, timber, iron, or other materials. In more modern times the L.C.C. has made a bye-law prohibiting a person from removing wastepaper or other refuse from any shop, house, or vehicle into any street. The snag about this bye-law is that it applies only to someone living in a house, but not to children and vagabonds, either of whom are known to turn out dustbins in search for treasure trove and to litter the pavements with their contents.

For a long time Holborn has been alive to the litter trouble. The Medical Officer of Health (Dr Hutt) has asked the local Scoutmasters to use the opportunity of their camps to impress the idea of tidy streets on the boys. The crowded thoroughfares of Central London are specially untidy near the stopping places of trams and buses, and in Leather Lane and Farringdon markets. Empty match-boxes, cigarette cartons, and discarded newspaper bills are some of the chief eyesores which have lately been troubling the Holborn Council. Only lately a Holborn official remarked that when he saw a man throwing away a newspaper on one of the borough pavements he felt inclined to give him a good hard kick.

#### Lure for Children and Tramps

The Council has come to the conclusion that the dustbin is often a source of litter rather than a prevention of it. When full and uncovered its papers and wrappings are blown about the streets. It has also been noted that at least 200 lock-up shops in Holborn do not open until after the dustman's early call, so that the owners put out their dustbins on the previous afternoon and these are the special lure of children, who hunt for cigarette cards, and so on. Tramps search for pickings which they hope to sell, and soon the pavement is littered with rubbish. Even in Westminster we are constantly astonished to see the dustbins almost inside out at midnight.

On the main Holborn thoroughfares an experiment is now being tried. Several metal bins with an attached lid have been put into use. The lid automatically covers the bin after the contents have been emptied.

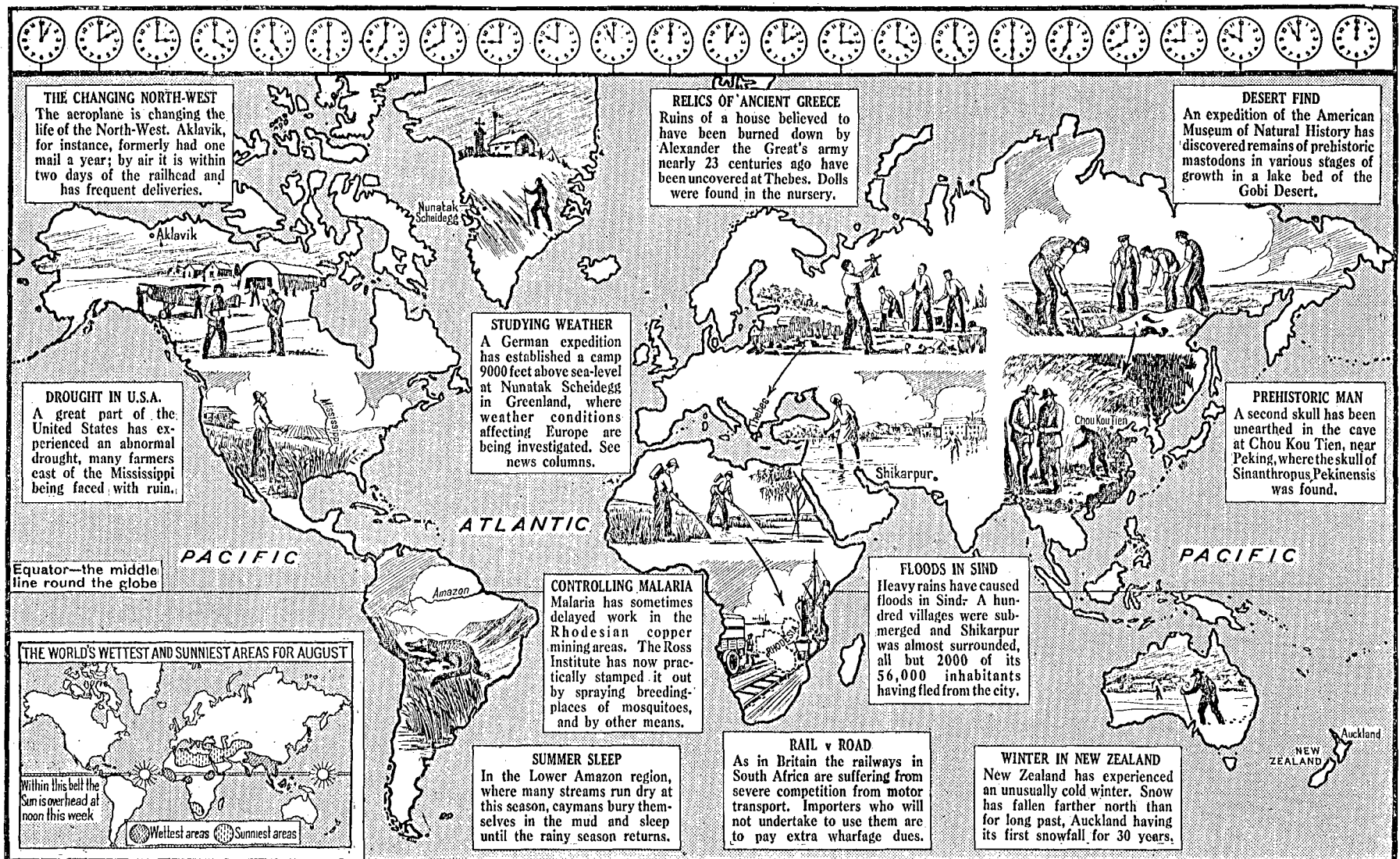
Another good step toward a tidier London is the L.C.C.'s new rule of prohibiting anybody from taking jars, bottles, and tins near the paddling ponds of the parks and open spaces.

#### Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Rainfall . . . 1.85 ins.	Southampton 1.88 ins.
Sunshine . . . 173 hrs.	Aberdeen . . . 2.48 ins.
Wet days . . . 13	Dublin . . . 3.46 ins.
Dry days . . . 18	Gorleston . . . 4.01 ins.
Warmest day . . . 5th	Tynemouth 4.01 ins.
Coldest days . . . 21, 23	Liverpool . . . 4.68 ins.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## ON GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

### Our Weather's Wintry Home

At Nunatak Scheidegg in Greenland, where the great cap of inland ice begins to send the Kamarajuk Glacier down to the sea, a party of German men of science has encamped for the winter.

It is one of the bleakest spots on the Earth's surface. Dr Georgi, Dr Weiken, Dr Lowe, and three Greenlanders have sought, and will endure, the bitter cold and the hardship inseparable from such a place so that they may tell the rest of the world what its winter is like.

Some of the weather aspects we can guess. The freezing gales, the snow blizzards, the thermometer sinking below zero, were all known before. These scientific weather men want exact information of temperatures and of wind force and direction throughout a winter. This will enable weather science to examine by the aid of new facts how this ice cap of the Arctic influences the direction of the more southerly cyclones and anticyclones which provide Europe with its spring and summer weather.

It will be a step forward in knowledge, and to reach the observation point the German expedition had to blast a way upward through the glacier with the aid of dynamite. Coal dust was strewn to melt a path on the ice.

Iceland horses and 100 dogs dragged the sledges to the camp 9000 feet above the sea. The very thought of that icy elevation makes us shiver. But it is the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake which keeps the heart of the explorer warm.

See World Map

## GUESTS AT THE COLLIERY

Wigan's well-known hospitality has been taken advantage of by two wild swans. They built their nest on the fringe of a pool formed by a mining subsidence within a hundred yards of the colliery workings.

They are receiving police protection until the six sturdy cygnets are well grown.

## FRENCH SCOUTS TO THE RESCUE

### Seaplane Falls on Rocky Coast

A heroic deed has been done by some French Boy Scouts in camp in the neighbourhood of Cherbourg.

One showery day they saw a seaplane belonging to the French Admiralty descending in gimlet fashion into a little rocky bay. They ran as fast as they could in the direction of the only possible landing-place, and on arrival noticed that the plane was drifting with the strong wind and current.

It seemed as if nothing could save it from being dashed to pieces on the rocks when two of the boys jumped into the sea and swam out to it with a tow-line. But the current was too strong; the plane was thrown up on the rocks. Fortunately the crew were able to save themselves, and in answer to a telephone message from the Boy Scouts the Naval authorities at Cherbourg dispatched timely help.

## ALL IN HER DAY'S WORK

A few days ago an empty van which had been standing outside a teashop near Charing Cross suddenly began to move away down the slope of the road.

Many people watched in helpless dismay as it began to go faster. Every moment it gathered speed as it made straight for Trafalgar Square, where a line of traffic was crossing its path.

Then a girl, one of the passers-by, rushed up to the moving van. Jumping on to the running board she reached over the door and managed to grasp the brake and stop the van. What might have been a catastrophe was averted by her courage and presence of mind.

Before the lookers-on had had time to find out her name or even to give her a cheer she had quietly slipped away and disappeared in the crowd. It was all in the day's work; she wanted no reward or recognition.

## THE LEAGUE OF EGG-LAYERS

### World's Hens and Their Work

We want more eggs. The international congress of fowls at the Crystal Palace has raised our hopes to a higher level. Its hens are back in their runs, but their impression is left behind.

Nothing is more international than egg-laying. There is no need for Pacts of limitation; all that is asked is that every fowl shall do her best.

The sixty nations who sent delegates to the congress had not a moment's hesitation on this point. What their combined efforts amount to in millions there is no saying, but the United Kingdom consumes nearly 6000 million eggs a year besides what it uses in puddings and cakes.

Egypt, China, America, and every country in Europe sends eggs to us. We have naturalised aliens to assist us from Brahmputra, Cochin China, Minorca, Leghorn, and Long Island, and they have become British subjects.

Still more British layers can find a market for their efforts. At present they supply only half the eggs we eat.

## JACK HOBBS & W. G. GRACE

Jack Hobbs, schoolboy's hero and breaker of cricket records, has added yet another page to cricketing history.

In the friendly match of Surrey against Middlesex Hobbs in the first innings made 40 runs, and so succeeded in beating the record of Dr W. G. Grace, who made 54,896 runs in first-class cricket.

The famous W. G. was playing from 1865 to 1908 inclusive—44 years, but it has taken Hobbs only 22 years of cricket to surpass this wonderful total, for although his career as a first-class cricketer began in 1905 the war years must be left out of account. Of course, it must be remembered in Dr Grace's favour that in his day wickets were not so favourable as they are today, nor were matches played so frequently.

## A MAN-MADE MIRACLE

### Gallant Action that Prevented a Calamity

Keighley in Yorkshire escaped a frightful disaster by what appeared to be a miracle when a gas-holder blew up without the loss of one life and without wrecking one building.

The gas-holder in exploding blew out its own top, through which a column of smoke and flame shot up 600 feet, and three-quarters of a million cubic feet of gas escaped. The gas blew harmlessly away on a strong wind.

But the immunity of Keighley and of the village of Thwaites on its outskirts, where the corporation gasworks are installed, was not wholly miraculous. If gas had continued to flow into the gas-holder after the explosion (which remains a mystery) the flames would have been fed to such an extent that they must have spread to another gas-holder. And then—nobody likes to think what would have happened.

This appalling possibility was averted by the prompt heroism of one man. The yard foreman of the gasworks, William Brent, rushed, regardless of his own safety, into the control house and shut off the gas which was still pouring into the gas-holder.

He had no protection from the smoke and flame beating down into the yard as he plunged through it except the coat with which he had covered his head. But he did not hesitate. He did what he meant to do, and no further explosion took place.

It is not too much to say that Keighley and Thwaites owe part of the miracle to the coolness and determination displayed by one man.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Cyzicus . . . . .	Siz-e-kus
Mithridates . . . . .	Mith-re-day-teez
Nasik . . . . .	Nah-sik
Shikapur . . . . .	Shik-ah-poor



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 23 1930

## What About the Sea?

It is more than time that somebody arose in this country with some big ideas. It is an increasing scandal that so many men should be idle with so much work to be done. Here is one idea our politicians might be thinking over while the Great Man is arriving.

An island, according to the highest authorities, is a piece of land entirely surrounded by water; but in a busy island like ours it is easy to forget the sea altogether or merely to regard it as a place to bathe in for a week or two in summer. Nothing is so easily overlooked as the obvious.

It is quite certain that millions of us never think seriously about the sea at all, and among those millions of forgetful people must be counted many of the statesmen who rule over us.

Just because the sea is our natural boundary we are offered tremendous advantages. It is easy to get to the sea from any part of England, and easy to take goods or people to any part from the sea border. We are better favoured in this respect than any other nation.

Germany has had to make great canals and to broaden and deepen her rivers to secure only a fraction of the natural advantages which are given us by the sea.

When, therefore, we are told that on any day the number of our workpeople unemployed is something like two millions we cannot help wondering why we so greatly neglect the improvement of our coastline. We are making plenty of roads on land, but are forgetting that magnificent road called the Sea, the cheapest known means of transport we have.

There is no British industrial centre of any importance which is more than twenty or thirty miles from a port, yet we take little trouble about any but the big ports, while many of our most important sea-gates wait for modern equipment. Some of our small ports, which should be busy with small coastal steamers and barges, are almost idle.

It is a glory and a privilege to live in our lovely island. We can at once preserve and increase its beauty and make it an ideal workshop. Indeed there is no better spot in the world for the purposes of either work or play. Britain the Beautiful; Britain the Ideal Workshop; Britain the Happy Playground. Let us all determine to make and keep it so.

We look forward to a day when our means of transport by Rail, Road, and Sea shall be properly organised and a full point-to-point service established. What Nature has so freely given us should be most freely used.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Fate of England

It is interesting to see that the French Government is contemplating the spending of five thousand million francs to enable France to escape the fate of England.

We hasten to explain that the purpose of the expenditure is to brighten the life of the country people of France. "It was time," said the Government spokesman, "to take steps to prevent the exodus from the country to the town if France was to escape the fate of England in that respect."

It is not only in France that something should be done to save the village. With all the life that is now possible for country folk it will be the nation's own fault if the countryside is not re-peopled within a generation. There is room and opportunity to pull down every slum in the towns and house their people in gardens in the countryside.

## Closed Doors

We hope it may be true that the National Gallery is experimenting with artificial light; but in the meantime could it not be open through all the hours of daylight instead of about half of them as now?

It is extraordinary that in these days groups of people should be waiting for such a treasure house to open at ten in the morning and that they should be turned out at an hour when most people are wondering what they can do in the evening.

## Aunt Sally in the Sky

A BANNER with a strange device has lately appeared in the sky. It was flaunted there by an aeroplane.

The banner was 120 feet long and 20 deep, and for eight miles round people could plainly see the lettering on it, which we need hardly say was a word of advertisement.

We hope that this banner, unlike that in Excelsior, will go no higher, but, on the contrary, will come down never to go up again. It is more than time that something was done to stop the sky from being turned into a hoarding for the advertisements of pills and Aunt Sally dealers.

We have repeatedly expressed the hope in the C.N. that the sky shall be left unpolluted, but the practice grows and grows. It is easy to stop it now, but if the climbing advertiser is allowed to pursue his upward path we shall soon have advertisements flashed on the dome of St Paul's. Even now Admiral Nelson is lighted up by the glow of one advertisement every night, and the day may come when slogans for pills will be thrown across our sunsets.

It is very good for strength To know that someone needs you to be strong. Elizabeth Browning

## What a Bother

It hurts us just a little to read a story which reaches us.

A certain young lady had received many presents on her marriage, and a friend meeting her soon afterwards asked if his present had been received. "Yes, rather," said the bride. "Thank you so much. I suppose I should have written, but the trouble was that if we thanked for one we should have had to thank for all."

We wish her a happy life and a little courtesy.

## Work

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly.

Work for some hope, be it ever so lowly.

Work! for all labour is noble and holy!

## Tip-Cat

SOMEONE is trying to make stockings from banana skins. But all legs are not the right shape.

A SINGER declares that he does not care a hoot for money. Yet he is always anxious to get his notes.

THE son of the millowner and the millworker both have much to learn, says a writer. Both must go through the mill.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If preserved fruits have saved their skins

SIR ERNEST BENN thinks there are far too many people putting things right. He would rather have them left.

LEMON is fashionable for women's frocks. Many a social gathering will become a lemon squash.

TRAVELLING showmen are a fine lot of men, says an M.P. As good as a show.

WITHIN the next fifty years scientists will create a new world. What will they do with the old one?

AN American building is to have over 100 floors. Useful for those who like to take up new ideas.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

MR EDWARD HARKNESS, the American philanthropist, is giving two million pounds for social and educational work in Britain.

THE properties now held by the National Trust, costing £250,000, are worth about a million.

## JUST AN IDEA

You have made your front door secure but may as well have a high garden wall, said Foch. But would a high wall 3000 miles long, with a gun every 100 yards, have been better than our undefended frontier in Canada?

## Tom on the Jetty

By Our Country Girl

ONE of the most picturesque figures in our town is Tom Blank, deep chested, tall, brown-visaged, and habited after the fashion of the Ancient Mariner. He has the pleasantest smile in England, and his profession is leaning against the stone wall of the little jetty. The other day a small boy got a fish-hook in his hand. Tom carried the young stranger to a doctor and the child bore the dressing well, but when they returned he burst into tears because someone had taken his fishing-line.

"Never mind, my son," said Tom. "I'll give ee a better line nor ever yours was."

The boy went off completely consoled with Tom's own line. All the other men knew it was the only line Tom had, and that he had not a penny to bless himself with just then. Tom hardly ever has got anything in his pocket, because it is not so profitable to do nothing on a jetty as it is in a West End club; but Tom never begs.

Perhaps that is why the vicar is so much interested in him. Tom is one of the few people in the parish who have never asked the vicar to subscribe to anything. A likeable fellow is Tom: but he has been to prison more than once, and the vicar would like to cure Tom of his "little weakness." The other day, while in talk with Tom, he asked if a certain man who was in trouble with the police and bore Tom's surname was any relation?

"Well, I don't rightly know," returned Tom slowly. "He might be. I've got enough relations in this place to fill your church; but when it comes to friends, why, I don't suppose I've got enough to fill your pulpit."

And Tom smiled. After all, what else can he expect? The world owes no gratitude to the Do-nothings, and Tom just does nothing.

## A Prayer for Night

Set my heart free from bitterness, O God,  
Now it is night.  
Free from those unlaidd ghosts of hurt and pain  
That haunt the light;  
Forgive my faults and let me fall asleep,  
Now day is through,  
And in unbroken peace abide this night,  
Close unto You. Ethel Arnold Tilden

## Ideas of Norman Angell

Getting Confused

I HAVE sometimes thought it better to be clear and wrong than confused and right, because, as Francis Bacon said, Truth comes out of error more easily than out of confusion.

If a man is clear but in error, sooner or later he will see it, knock his head against a fact, correct the error, and start definitely on the right path.

But if, though generally right, he is confused, very often the wrong will be mixed with right and be in danger of masquerading as the right.



## KENYA

## WHAT THE SETTLERS WANT

## And Why The Government Cannot Give It To Them

## BRITAIN'S EXAMPLE

We explained the other day how the British Government had decided against the demand of the white settlers in Kenya that they should be given a majority of seats on the Legislative Council there, and so be able to control the native population.

The settlers have been good enough to tell the Government that its decision is "unacceptable" to them. Let us examine the position of the settlers further.

Kenya has a native population of two and a half millions, with 30,000 Asiatic immigrants, as well as 10,000 Arabs. To these have been added 12,500 Europeans, some of them missionaries, some Government officials, but most of them settled on farms. These European settlers have been agitating for the grant of what they rather comically call self-government for Kenya.

## Primitive Tribesmen

By this they do not mean that the people of Kenya should be given the power to choose a Parliament of their own. The Kenya natives are for the most part primitive tribesmen who will require generations of civilisation before they are ready for self-government. Neither do they mean that the Indians or the Arabs should have votes, for indeed they already have them, as have the settlers themselves. The Europeans have eleven representatives, the Indians five, and natives and Arabs one each, on the Governor's Legislative Council. But these are outnumbered by official members nominated by the Governor.

What the settlers mean by self-government is that they themselves should have enough representatives to give them a majority in the Council.

## Settlers and Natives

Now the reason the official members are placed in a majority has been stated very clearly by a former Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Duke of Devonshire. It is that they may act as trustees for the voteless masses of the original inhabitants of the Colony.

Kenya (he said in 1923) is an African territory, and His Majesty's Government think it necessary definitely to record their considered opinion that the interests of the African natives must be supreme, and that if and when those interests and the interests of the immigrant races (the Europeans and the Indians) should conflict the interests of the natives should prevail.

It is this idea of the Government that it should stand between the settlers and the natives that annoys the settlers. They think the natives would be quite safe under them, and they admit that when they talk of self-government they mean that two and a half million natives should be placed under the government of 12,500 Europeans.

## The Labour Problem

Some people who quite see that it is absurd to call that self-government from the native point of view ask whether the natives would not be just as well off under a majority of settlers as they are under a majority of officials. Why, they ask, would not the settlers be as good trustees as the officials? The answer is that the settler's chief interest in the native is as an employer in need of labour for his farm, and that he is therefore bound to think more of his need than of the labourer's good. He is in a position that makes it impossible for him to be impartial.

Evidently the Home Government thinks that in this matter of native labour the settlers already have things much too much their own way. It has now laid down that the natives should be free to choose between work on farms

## THE CRADLE OF FATHER THAMES

A MOVEMENT to do honour to the cradle of the Thames is hampered by the fact that it is not quite clear who owns the land in which the springs rise.

The river has its source in the Cotswold Hills, where seven springs issue from the ground close to the main road from Cheltenham to Cirencester. Soon they unite to form a little rocky pool from which the famous river emerges as a united stream on its course to the sea.

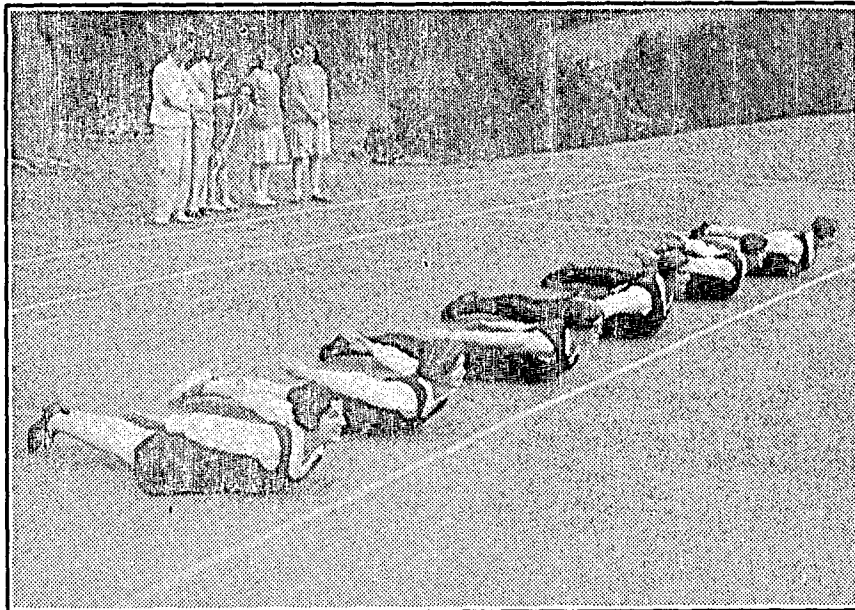
What should be everybody's business, the preservation of the source of our most important river, seems to be nobody's business, and the only practical thing done has been the posting of an official warning against littering the place with refuse. It is proposed to lay out this romantic spot, to make it beautiful, give it a name, and let it pour its waters through a fountain; but at

the moment it is not clear who can give authority for this to be done.

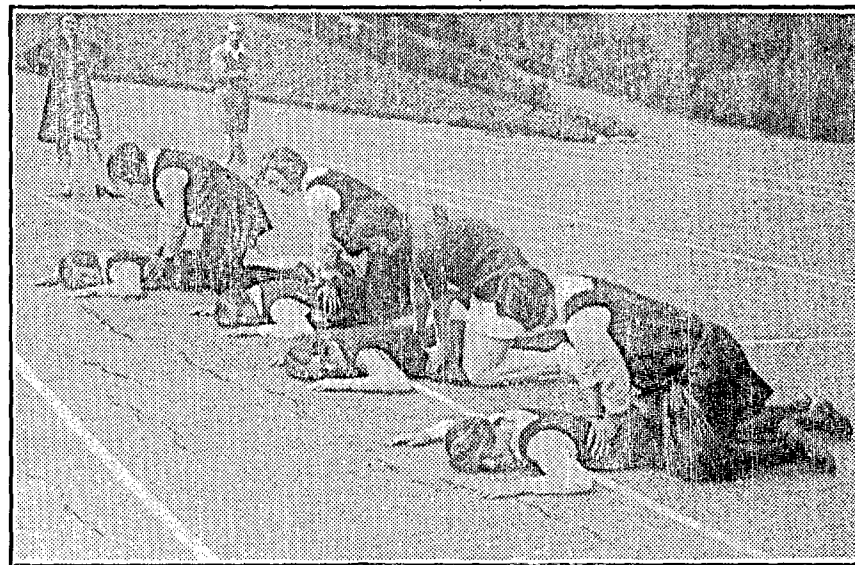
The River of England is the time-honoured title of the Thames, which has seen more history made than any other watercourse in the land. It has made London the capital of the world, and its waters below the metropolis are an international highway to which vessels come from all parts of the globe.

The Thames is a great navigable stream and its course is a changing one. Dropping as it does 100 feet in 250 miles, it would run at a speed of 54 miles an hour were it not for the retarding effects of that winding, helped, of course, by the locks and the friction of the bed and the banks. This combination of influences makes the Thames an ideal watercourse where otherwise it would have been useless for transport.

## TEACHERS GO TO SCHOOL



Swimming on land—How to do the breast-stroke



Artificial respiration—A lesson in life-saving

Four hundred teachers have been attending the annual training school of the Educational Handicraft Association at Scarborough. Here we see one of the physical training classes.

Continued from the previous column

of their own and work for the settlers at an agreed wage. All the influence of the settlers has been used to deprive the natives of any such choice, and they have made no secret of the fact that their reason for this so-called self-government is that they would like plenty of labour below its market price.

It is satisfactory that the British Government has announced that it still holds the view set forth by the Duke of Devonshire and is going to act upon it. That is a very valuable assurance, valuable not only to the Kenya natives but to native races everywhere whose interests may clash from time to time with the interests of European settlers. This is a matter in which Britain means to set a high example to the world, as she has always done.

## OLD MR TAN

## TWICE CARRIED THROUGH THE STREETS

## The True Story of a Good Man and His Faith

## A MAKER OF LACQUER WARE

Mr Tan is dead.

For the second time he has been carried through the streets of Liuyang surrounded by a great crowd. But the first time was on a very different occasion.

Tan Chin Ching was a maker of lacquer ware. He made beautiful things for years, living in one street and following pleasant old customs. People liked him and his wares, and life was a comfortable affair.

But in middle age Tan heard for the first time about a teacher called Jesus. His teaching seemed very good to the lacquer craftsman, and Tan became a Christian. By and by the missionary told him that it was his duty to devote all his time to telling other people the Good News.

It was a great sacrifice to give up his business, but he did it. Then people began to hate Mr Tan for spreading a foreign religion. Life was no longer a comfortable affair.

## On the Temple Stage

Things came to a head in 1926. A mob set upon him at eight o'clock one morning, dragged him out into the street, set a fool's cap on his head, and made him carry a flag inscribed *Foreign Slave: Running Dog*.

He was an old man then. They marched him up and down the streets for seven hours, insulting him all the time.

Finally the mob rushed with him into the courtyard of a temple and, setting him on the stage of the temple, called on him to renounce Christianity. The brave old man looked on that sea of hate-distorted faces and said: "Gentlemen, you may do what you like, but I will never deny my faith."

There was a moment's pause, and then a voice said: "Comrades, you have gone too far. Tan is a good old man. I have lived in the same street with him for twenty years, and his only fault is being misled into this religion."

## His Enemies Won Over

The mood of the crowd began to change, and while people argued among themselves the man who had spoken for Tan hustled him into the temple and out by a door into another street.

Four years have gone by, and once more Tan has been carried through the streets amid a crowd. The old man has died, and the people of Liuyang gathered to do homage to his memory. He had remained bravely at his post through killing, looting, and burning. While no missionary could live in Liuyang old Mr Tan had held the church together, and his reputation for courage had won over his enemies.

So those of another creed lined the streets when old Mr Tan went to his rest.

## A LORRY-LOAD OF CATS

Visitors to Rome have often been astonished at the number of cats to be seen in Trajan's Forum.

While the district was a slum nobody bothered about them, but now that a campaign has been started to tidy up the surroundings of Rome's illustrious monuments the cats will have to go.

All the cat-lovers of Rome have been greatly alarmed at this decision. What is to be the fate of so many poor pussies?

They have been assured by the Society for the Protection of Animals that a special cat's home is being provided for them in more healthy surroundings. Indeed the cats are being treated with great respect and sympathy.

They will all be fetched away by a motor-lorry and transported to their new quarters, and here the cats will grow to a sleek old age as honoured pensioners of the Italian Government.

## CAN YOU CRACK A NUT?

Just in time for the new season's Brazil nuts comes the report that an Englishman has invented a machine for removing their kernels.

He appears to have taken his invention to America, which seems unnecessary when he would have been just as much welcomed here for solving a problem which has occupied the English home ever since Drake and Raleigh sailed the Spanish Main.

Anybody can extract the kernel. The difficulty is to remove it from the bits of shell that stick to it like fragments of concrete. It is best met by putting the nut lengthways instead of crosswise in the nutcracker. Only one flat surface of the Brazil nut should rest against the nutcracker's jaws.



## A BRAGGART AT DEFIANCE

### DEFYING THE BRITISH RAJ

The Story of a Swaggering Fellow Outside Bombay

#### WHAT IS POSSIBLE IN INDIA

A sample of the kind of life the Indian people would be subject to if ruled by law, as established on their behalf by British government, were overturned may be seen in the career of a daring rascal who is giving trouble in the forest district of Nasik in the Bombay Province, about 100 miles from Bombay city.

Nana Makund Koli is his name, and by caste he is a peasant. In past times Nasik was under Mahratta rule and formed the northern part of the Mahratta confederation which ruled Western India in defiance of the Mogul empire.

#### Burlesque of a Bygone Hero

It is a Hindu region, and it won freedom from the Mogul power through the warlike bravery of a low caste Mahratta named Sivaji, whose descendants, acting under Brahman influence, ruled for a while the whole region as kings.

Now this modern peasant Nana has come forward as an imitator of the hero Sivaji, who began his resistance to the Great Mogul 270 years ago. As Sivaji resisted the Mogul so Nana huris defiance at the British Raj.

Of Nana's boldness and his knack of playing a theatrical part there can be no doubt. He wears a Gandhi cap and professes to be a disbeliever in violence. He appeals to the men of his caste to make and wear spinning-wheel fabrics, and to buy no other kind. He announces that the rule of Gandhi has come, and that he, Nana, is appointed the lord of the forest tracks.

#### A Stage Prince

But his own appearance and deeds are a direct contradiction of these mild exhortations. A tall and bearded man, this Nasik peasant presents himself before his neighbours as a stage prince attired for a film, with golden bracelets on his wrists and sham pearls glistening on his neck and breast, a gun slung across his shoulder, a dagger in his belt, and in his hand a drawn sword, which he flourishes threateningly. Before such a figure the simple peasantry, the village traders, and even the native policemen, cower submissively, and the men of his caste admire him as a very fine fellow. In short, there is no one bold enough to challenge his claims, and he is accepted meekly at his own valuation.

Nana does not stop short of robbery or of arson. When a village moneylender was rejoicing with his friends at a wedding Nana, with confederates of his own caste, appeared at the feast and not only stole all the money and valuables he could lay hands on but made a bonfire of the moneylender's account books, thrashed the host and his brother, and slit the noses of two native guards who were there for the protection of the wedding party.

#### Reward Offered in Vain

For more than a year Nana has been at large. A reward of 500 rupees has been offered in vain for his capture. Again and again the district had been traversed by armed police to find his hiding-places. Each failure to find him adds to his reputation, and lessens the help the people of the district will give, because they fear the punishment he may exact.

That this failure to repress a personal ambition attained by force should occur in one small district of India today is an omen of what would happen in the hundreds of such districts if the enforcement of the laws were left in the hands of the weak and timid. India would almost certainly become a chaos of similar ambitions by masterful men, and the reign of peace under British supervision would revert to the tyrannies of past centuries.

## The Boy Who Was Sold For a Horse

### A POSTSCRIPT TO THE HISTORY OF SLAVERY

Dr George Carver and the Great Things He Has Done for the World

#### A WALK WITH A MAGICIAN THROUGH HIS WONDER HOUSE

Sixty-six years ago a little black boy with his slave mother was captured by a band of raiders during the American Civil War. Their owner went to search for them. The mother was never heard of again, but the boy was released by his captors in exchange for a racehorse.

This was the first chapter in the life of George Carver. The emancipation of the American slaves followed soon after, and the boy was left to grow up as best he could. His great delight was to wander in the woods. He seemed to have an instinct for friendship with every living thing.

#### A Scientific Genius

He made little gardens where he planted and tended rare flowers he had found. He taught himself to draw and paint them. Finally he found work in the greenhouses of Iowa Agricultural College. In his spare time he supplemented the botanical knowledge he had gained for himself by what others could teach him through books and lectures. Working his way through college, he gained high distinctions which led to his appointment as assistant botanist.

Today Dr George Carver is head of the Agricultural Laboratory at Tuskegee Institute. He is recognised as a scientific genius. White men throughout the Southern States are looking to him to rescue them from ruin, for the cotton crops on which they mainly depend have been disastrously ravaged by the boll weevil disease.

#### A New Kingdom

Dr Carver is eager to show them how many wonderful things they may produce from the natural products of the land. A C.N. travelling correspondent met this remarkable old man at Tuskegee just after he had come back from a lecture tour to crowded audiences in public halls and in State Legislative Assemblies, audiences which usually would think themselves demeaned by listening to a black man. He had been telling them how, from the common peanut, he could get milk and cream, pickles, oils, soap, rubber, dyes, breakfast foods, and woodstain!

For Dr Carver's genius has been directed to the discovery of how many things in everyday use can be made from common objects. "We are really now entering a new kingdom of matter," he explained to the C.N. correspondent, "the synthetic kingdom, which is going to give the world the products it needs. We must study a plant, or a clay, and try to think what are the uses the Creator made them for. Then we must go ahead and experiment."

#### In a Magician's Workshop

It is like going into a magician's workshop to accompany this quiet-voiced Negro through his laboratory, where with delightful simplicity he shows you the wonders his scientist's wand has called forth from the most unlikely material.

He will show you, for instance, his 200 peanut products. Then he will pass to the products of the sweet potato, which grows so easily in the Southern States. Tuskegee saves 200 pounds of wheat flour a day by using for its loaves sweet potato flour mixed with the ordinary variety; and it gets a better bread in this way. From this plant Dr Carver has also produced rubber and dyes and

cattle food, not to mention tapioca, gum, and ink.

A little farther on we see specimens of some gorgeous paints, especially the blue, only to be matched perhaps by those unearthed from Tutankhamen's Tomb. They are made from simple Alabama clay, and Dr Carver seems to have re-discovered a long-lost secret.

That piece of something like marble over there he has made from wood-shavings, while he will show you a fine board created out of cotton stalks, peanut shells, vines, and soapstone. Just now he is particularly engaged in experiments for producing sugar from artichokes.

#### An Invitation From Ed'son

No wonder a man who can do such things has interested Edison, who would like to have him for a colleague. But in response to Edison's invitation this modest old gentleman, living in two simple bachelor's rooms at a Negro school, has replied that he does not wish to leave his own race; that among his own folk he wants to go on searching for truth. Money does not interest him. His discoveries are his gift to the world, if the world will accept what he can give it.

The C.N. correspondent asked this man of science if he had a message to the rising generation, without distinction of race or colour, and he was instant in his response.

#### Message to Youth

"I believe the Creator of the Universe had young people in mind (he said) when the beautiful passage in Job was written: 'Ask now the beasts and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee. Or speak to the Earth and it shall teach thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee.'

"If I may paraphrase a verse of St John I would put it: 'And you shall know Science, and Science shall set you free, for Science is Truth.' There is nothing more assuring, more inspiring, than these passages from Holy Writ. We get closer to God as we become more intimately acquainted with the things He has created. The singing birds, the buzzing bees, the opening flowers, and the budding trees, have all their marvellous story to tell the searcher for truth.

#### The Secret of Happiness

"To me, Children of the World, Nature in its varied forms makes the little windows through which God permits me to commune with Him and to see much of His glory, majesty, and power by simply lifting the curtain and looking in. I love to think of Nature as an unlimited broadcasting station through which God speaks to us every day, every hour, every moment of our lives, if we will only tune in.

"To those who already love Nature I need only say: Pursue its truths with a new zest, and give to the world the value of the answers to the many questions you have asked the greatest of all teachers.

"To those who have not yet learned the secret of happiness, which is the joy of coming into the closest relationship with the Maker and Preserver of all things, I say: Begin now to study the little things at your own door, going from the known to the nearest related unknown, for indeed each new truth brings us nearer to God. *Picture on page 3*

## A HILL FOR A SCHOOL

Winchester Boys Come Into Their Own

#### RECALLING OLD TIMES

A hill has been given to a school, and there is great rejoicing, because the school is Winchester and for hundreds of years Wykehamists have loved St Catherine's Hill.

In ancient days the boys used to go thither twice a week. It was their only playground. There the Elizabethan scholars played quoits and ball games now forgotten, and there, at the shout of "Domum," they lined up for the march home.

In 1868 the custom was abolished, and since then Winchester has played cricket and football on far better but less famous ground. Twice a year the boys have marched up to St Catherine's Hill, in order to preserve old customs and rights of way.

#### What Might Have Happened

Everybody got to think that the hill belonged to Winchester College. But it has been ecclesiastical property for thirteen centuries, being part of the land with which King Kinegils endowed the Church of Wessex; and a bad day might have come when old Wykehamists, returning to the scenes of their youth, would have found wire netting and a notice about trespassers, or, worse still, a bungalow, where once stood the famous clump of beeches on the summit. We cannot believe the Ecclesiastical Commissioners would be so cruel, but it might have happened.

So a group of Old Wykehamists have bought St Catherine's Hill for the School, and now the beloved soil belongs to the school by the law of the land as well as the law of the heart.

#### An Echo of Druid Times

It is called St Catherine's Hill for a good reason. In medieval times a chapel dedicated to St Catherine stood on the hilltop, but it is believed that Thomas Wriothesley pulled it down and sold the materials at the Reformation. Long before the chapel was built people used to climb that hill. There was a settlement there in the Early Iron Age, well entrenched against enemy tribesmen and wild beasts. The human history of the hill is probably five centuries older than Christianity.

No doubt Wykehamists sometimes dream of the people who were on the summit before them, and imagine that they hear the shouts of Sun worshippers or a hymn from the vanished chapel. And then perhaps they remember The Holly and the Ivy, that carol so old that some believe it is partly an echo of Druid times. The refrain sums up all the old memories of the hill:

O, the rising of the Sun!  
And the running of the deer,  
The playing of the merry organ  
Sweet singing in the choir.

The hill has known it all.

#### A TRAGIC RECORD

##### Two Millions Unemployed

Since October the number of people out of work has increased so rapidly that at the end of July over two million men and women, boys and girls, had their names entered on the unemployment registers of this country.

This terrible total is a record for Great Britain if we leave out of account the abnormal figures due to the national coal-mining dispute of 1921, and, of course, the general strike of May, 1926.

In normal times the figures fall during the spring and rise during the autumn, and this duly happened in 1927 when the figures fell to under a million. In the spring of 1929, too, the figures fell steadily. But during this unhappy year there has been an average increase of nearly 90,000 people out of work every month.

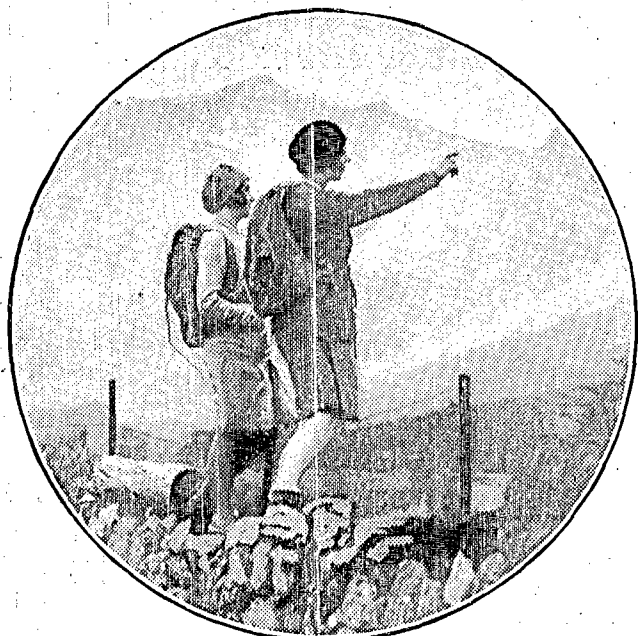


August 23, 1930

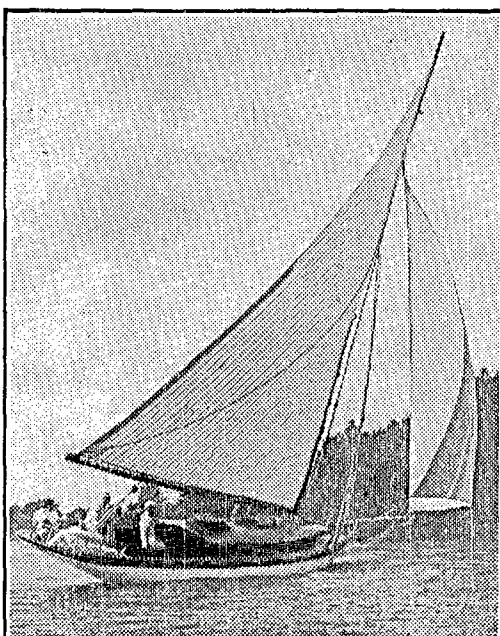
*The Children's Newspaper*

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# AWAY FROM THE CITIES AND TOWNS INTO BRITAIN'S OPEN SPACES



On a walking tour in the Highlands



Sailing on the Norfolk Broads



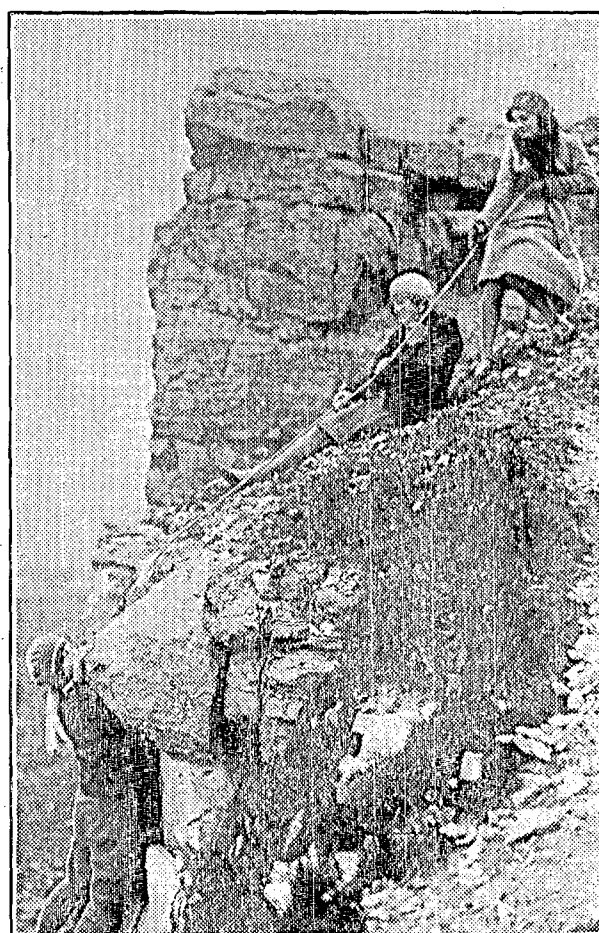
Dinner time—Camping on the river



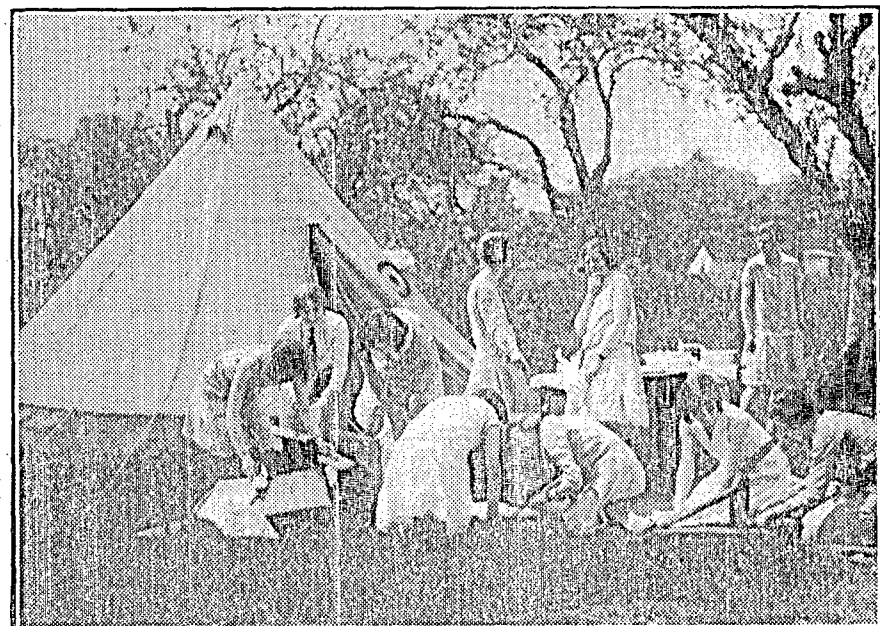
A flying tourist arrives



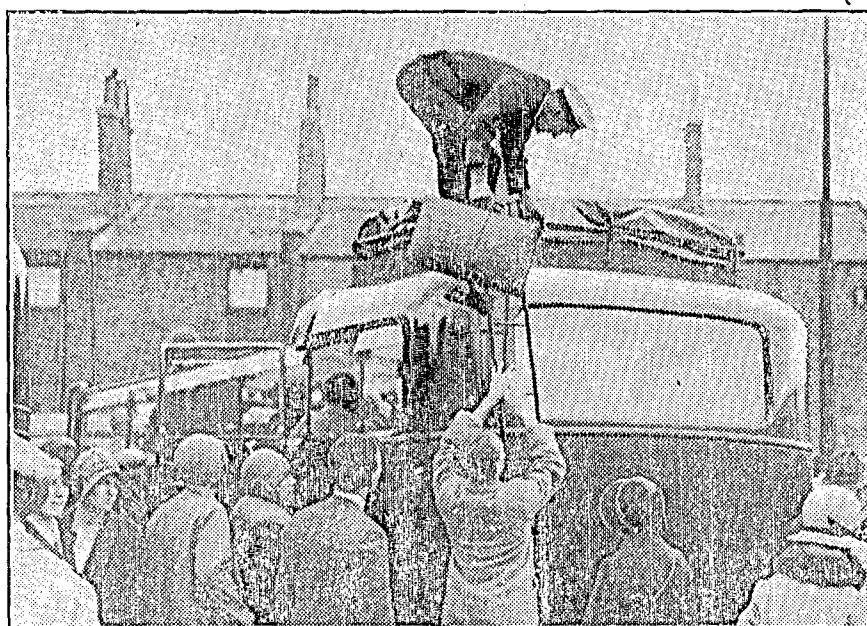
Helping a farmer by cutting hay



Rock-climbing—A strenuous holiday



Girl campers on a Warwickshire farm



Ready for the open road—A tour by motor-coach

Though most people go to the seaside there are thousands who prefer to spend their holidays in other ways. Many like to settle in one place for two or three weeks, enjoying life in camp or helping on a farm; others like the frequent changes of scenery to be had by walking, motoring, boating, or flying, as these pictures show.



## RATES AND TAXES

### WHAT THEY ARE

The Money for the State and  
the Money for Our Town

### HOW A POOR MAN CAN ESCAPE

If Christopher Robin's father were asked to explain about rates and taxes he would probably write:

What are Rates  
And what are Taxes?  
*Things that the Government  
Lays on our Backs!*

But unfortunately we cannot get off as lightly as that, and we must therefore try to put a very difficult matter into plain and simple English.

A tax is a compulsory payment made to a Government for public purposes. The essence of a tax is not only that it is levied by the law and paid compulsorily, but that it has no necessary relation to the benefit received by the citizen who pays it.

### Taxes and Old Wars

It is very important to note both these things. When the tax is demanded it has to be paid, and if payment is refused the property of the citizen may be seized for payment. If he tries to cheat the tax-collector the law provides for heavy fines and even imprisonment. There is no escape from a tax.

Then, too, it is very important to see that, while taxes are imposed by Governments for public purposes, it does not follow that any particular taxpayer receives in his own person full value for his money. The tax payment, that is, is not like a price. Of course every taxpayer gets value of some sort, but it often happens that a large part of the payment brings nothing at all to the taxpayer who makes it. At present the greater part of our British taxes is levied to pay for old wars.

### Tobacco and Alcohol

Then, again, it is thought fair to raise most of the money required by the Government from well-to-do people, so that the poor get off lightly. Thus at present if a workman does not drink or smoke he very nearly escapes taxation altogether, as most of the taxation levied on the poor is raised on tobacco and alcohol.

Taxes are said to be Direct when they are collected in money from the taxpayer. Thus the Income Tax is a direct tax because it is collected at the rate of so much in the pound of yearly income direct from the citizen.

Indirect taxes are those which are levied through commodities, as when so much a pound is collected by the Custom House on all sugar coming into the country. This tax is paid by the sugar merchant, who is not the actual taxpayer, for he passes on the tax by raising the price of sugar accordingly, so that when sugar is bought at a shop a tax is paid indirectly to the Government through merchants. We have now indirect taxes of this sort on many articles such as motor-cars, artificial silk, silk, clocks, jewellery, lace, beer, wine, and tobacco.

### Social Services

What we all get in exchange for the taxes we pay is that the country is governed, provided with Courts of Justice, and defended by the Army, Navy, and Air Service. The country's debt for old wars is paid off, and various social services are provided, such as Old Age Pensions, Widow's Pensions, War Pensions, Health Insurance, Unemployment Insurance, and so on.

Now let us pass to Rates.

A Rate is another name for a Tax, and the word is applied to the taxes levied by local authorities to pay for the expenses of city and rural government. The local taxes came to be called Rates because they are levied at the rate of so much in the pound on the rental value of the premises occupied by the local taxpayer. This is done on the

## SPEED OF OUR LINERS

Shall We Regain Our  
Lost Laurels?

### SIR CHARLES PARSONS SAYS YES

We boast, with reason, of the speed of our Atlantic liners, and for 23 years we held the record with the Mauretania.

The laurels have been wrested from us by two German vessels, but Sir Charles Parsons says we shall regain them with the Cunarder now being built.

Sir Charles Parsons turned to practical account in our own day an idea which first took rise in the brain of Hero of Alexandria 2000 years ago. Hero made a steam turbine for use in the temple; Sir Charles Parsons perfected the idea and gave us the steam turbine.

This was a revolution in transport and industry and well entitles its creator to advise his generation as to what we may expect in the future. As one of the most gifted of our engineers Sir Charles tells us that it would be a simple matter to add nearly a fifth to the speed of the new German ships. We could build liners to do 35 knots, he says, but the building of liners is governed by economic considerations, and the cost and maintenance of such vessels would exceed the income which could be derived from them.

## WREN'S VISION OF WHITEHALL

### Sir Christopher's Lost Plans

The generation which came after the great Sir Christopher Wren was rather disposed to forget him, though it could not lose sight of his Cathedral, and it was not long after his death that his architectural drawings were sold.

Among them 32 large drawings of Whitehall, Windsor, and Greenwich in a portfolio went for 35s. Not counting the portfolio that was about a shilling apiece for these six-foot-by-two drawings. A member of the Royal Society secured the bargain.

After that the cheap portfolio had a career of which there are few particulars. The architect Sir Jeffry Wyatville, who completed Windsor Castle for George the Fourth (the most creditable order that monarch gave), saw them. He found them at All Souls College, Oxford, though why they were there and how the college came by them nobody knows.

Then the drawings hid themselves again, and nobody had seen them for fifty years till somebody opened the portfolio again this year. The most astonishing thing about the discovery is that the college knew and prized four other volumes of Wren's drawings that were in its library.

One of the most interesting of the drawings is a plan of the new Whitehall which Wren would have made on the site of the rambling Tudor palace which was burned down. Sir Christopher would have kept the Banqueting Hall of Inigo Jones, which he much admired; but if Dutch William had let him have his way he would have built about it a palace that would have stretched from Westminster to Charing Cross.

- Continued from the previous column

theory that a person's ability to bear local taxes is roughly measured by the size of the house he lives in.

Many of the local services paid for by the rates are directly beneficial to the taxpayer, as, for example, the maintenance of roads, the sewerage system, the lighting and cleaning of streets, the upkeep of parks, and so on. In paying rates, therefore, we do usually get direct return for a large part of the tax paid; life would be very unpleasant if the local authorities did not make our neighbourhoods clean and healthy for people to live in.

## A LIFE OF THE WEEK

### The World-Wide Man

On August 29, 1645, died Hugo Grotius

Some of the world's great men are great chiefly inside their own nation and do not make a strong universal appeal to mankind. But there are great men who saw the world as a whole and thought about the interests of everybody in it. One of the most famous of these international thinkers was Hugo Grotius, a Dutchman, who was born at Delft on April 10, 1583.

His special work was a book which discusses laws that apply to all nations and ought to be agreed to and acted upon by every nation in its dealings with every other nation.

There are many of these generally accepted international laws now, and there will be more as nations work together in friendly ways; but Hugo Grotius has the lasting credit of starting



Hugo Grotius

well the grave study of international justice. For that he is held in universal respect and admiration.

Hugo was wonderful as a boy. At 12 he went to the university, having been for several years a sound Latin scholar. His works were written in Latin.

When he was only 15 Grotius was attached to an embassy that was sent from Holland to France, and so mastered the conditions of life at the French Court that he was able in later years to become an ambassador.

Returning to Holland he took a law degree and, like his father, became an advocate. When only 20 his country appointed him national historiographer to keep the State records. From this time onward he had in mind the subject of international law, on which he was to write his greatest work in later years. Particularly he became interested in the common rights of all nations on the open seas.

### Truth Stamped On His Face

At 30 Grotius came to England and was received as a famous man. The great scholar Casaubon said of him that truth was stamped on his face. When he returned home this fine, broad-minded man became involved, much against his will, in religious party disputes and was condemned to life-long imprisonment.

His escape was the great romantic event of his life. He had married an heroic woman who insisted on sharing his imprisonment. With her he continued his studies, for which many books were needed. Many boxes of books were taken in and out of the prison. When the guards had become accustomed to the coming and going of the heavy boxes Madame Grotius sent her husband out in a box in place of books, and, walking out herself, they both escaped to France.

### Grotius and the League

There Grotius wrote the book that preserves his name in lasting honour. He never was able to return to Holland: religious bitterness there was so strong, although he was one of the most tolerant of men. But he became the Ambassador for Sweden at the French Court. When returning from Sweden he was driven by a storm on the coast of Germany, became ill through the privations he endured, and died.

Alike as a scholar, a thinker, a master of law, and a man of sterling character, Grotius has a right to be regarded as second to no man that Holland has produced in all-round merit. He started a way of thinking about the relations between nation and nation which will tend to the future happiness of mankind, and it is in part due to his memory that the international court of law now associated with the League of Nations holds its meetings in the Dutch capital.

## THE PRESERVATION OF ENGLAND

### KENT LOOKS AHEAD

Problems of Town and  
Country Life

### THE REGIONAL PLAN

There are probably a hundred times as many minds at work today on preserving the countryside as ever before.

Formerly the planning of beauty was almost entirely concerned with individual property; now it is widely understood that beauty and true utility can only be preserved and extended by the people of large areas working together, looking far around and ahead, preventing what is harmful, and leaving for future generations an England they must love.

This looking ahead and planning what should be is being undertaken in many regions, and nowhere has it been more completely and skilfully done than in North-East Kent. There a Joint Town Planning Committee (which should be a Country-Planning Committee) representing 16 local authorities has published a scheme which includes the areas of 18 local authorities. It is worth while for anyone interested in this form of public work anywhere to see the Report of this Committee, which may be obtained for 7s 6d from the Town Clerk of Gillingham.

### Advice to be Followed

Of course the Committee can only advise what should be done by the different authorities, each within its own area working in unison with the rest. But the whole Regional Plan is so comprehensive, and deals so admirably with all the problems of town and country life in North-East Kent, that one cannot imagine any authority there failing to take advantage of its advice whenever it can do so.

The Region is divided in this book into three types of zones—Urban, Industrial and Rural. The aim as regards urban development is that existing towns should be expanded rather than that new towns should be created; and areas adjacent to the towns are indicated where industrial extensions are suitable. Residential areas are also indicated, and the parts that should always be regarded as reserved for agriculture.

### Kent's Distinctive Beauty

In the rural parts the features of the countryside which give Kent its distinctive beauty, the downs and woodlands, which ought to be safeguarded for public enjoyment, are pointed out as are the open spaces needed for local parks and playing-fields. The preservation of the amenities of the country, the attractions of old towns and villages, the wayside trees and woodlands, and the protection of ancient monuments and historical survivals, are insisted on. Nothing is forgotten that will tend to sustain the beauty of the county.

The question of roads for through traffic and local use is discussed in all its bearings, the drawings having technical expertness and sound taste. The suggestions made have the recommendation of a fair and fine spirit, the aim being to unite the whole community in the support of improvements, so that there may be no clashing between public needs and private interests.

### A Model Garden

There can be no doubt about the effects of carrying out this splendidly wise report in the spirit in which it is made. It would, if it were generally followed by the local authorities and gradually brought into existence, make this part of Kent a far more desirable place for the next generation to live in. Undesirable tendencies of modern life would be checked. The whole community, in town and country, would be benefited. The Garden of England would become a model alike in its industries and its hours of ease.



## THE POLE STAR NOT EXACTLY NORTH

### Interesting Experiment With a Camera

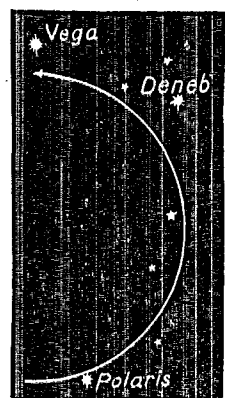
#### BRILLIANT VEGA OVERHEAD

By the C.N. Astronomer

At about 10 o'clock the brilliant Vega may be seen almost overhead.

This star, which was once the Pole Star, is the brightest in the Northern Hemisphere.

The present Pole Star, Polaris, was described in the C.N. for July 19, where it was pointed out that this star had not always held this unique position. As a matter of fact it has been gradually



The path of the celestial North Pole toward Deneb and Vega shown by the curved arrow

approaching the celestial north pole for something like 12,000 years, and is not quite there yet.

At the present time it is 1 degree 14 minutes of arc away from it, and therefore about two and a half times the Moon's apparent width away from the actual north pole of the heavens.

So, if observed between 9 and 10 o'clock, Polaris is at this distance away from the right of the celestial north pole. Six hours later the star will be between it and overhead.

Thus the Pole Star actually goes round the pole of the heavens in a small circle. A very interesting experiment can be made on a fine, dark night, when there is no Moon, by exposing a camera for several hours directed at the Pole Star, when it will be found to produce a curved streak which represents a portion of the star's path around the Pole.

If the experiment is made in winter-time, from, say, 6 p.m. until 6 a.m., the streak on the photographic plate will be found to be a tiny semi-circle, while other stars large enough to appear will trace larger semi-circles.

Now, Polaris is approaching the celestial pole, and will continue to do so for the next 200 years, when it will have reached its nearest point and will be about the Moon's width away from it. From then Polaris will continue to recede from the pole, and for 25,800 years it will not come as near again.

#### A Celestial Jewel

But long before this the lovely, brilliant Vega will have become the Pole Star, and what a splendid celestial jewel for such a distinguished position! It will not, however, come so close as Polaris to the pole, but will be about seven times the Moon's apparent width away when at its nearest.

This will be nearly 12,000 years hence; in the meantime other less prominent stars will be available to indicate the Pole. The chief among these is one not quite so bright as Vega, Alpha in Cygnus, also known as Deneb. This will be readily recognised, being the first bright star almost due east of Vega at this time in the evening.

About 8000 years hence, when the present Pole Star will be much farther from the pole than the Plough, this star Deneb will be doing its best to point where due North is; but it will not approach nearer than about 18 times the Moon's apparent width to the celestial pole. So finding true North by the Pole Star will then be a matter of calculation, as, indeed, will have to be the case till another thousand years have passed away. G. F. M.

## A COMMISSIONER'S LETTERS TO GUIDES

### Chumfoo and Other Things

It is well to remember sometimes that the Chief Scout is the Founder of the Scouts and Guides too, and that his definition of the movement is: a brotherhood or sisterhood of woodcraft and service.

That word Woodcraft is very important. So few people seem to have any idea of what it implies; and others even try to forget that it was ever linked with their work as Guides.

What is woodcraft? It is not the possession of rows of butterflies and moths stuck down with pins on a lump of camphor, but myriads of moths and butterflies flying among the blossoms. Woodcraft is heather stretching for miles; bees swarming, birds nesting, rabbits cropping grass, squirrels leaping, lakes gleaming, gulls dipping, a camp fire burning, the fresh air of morning, the cool of the evening.

The great cry nowadays is for seeing life at 60 miles an hour, yet once round the world and back does not bring life nearer, because it is there, outside every cottage door.

#### A Thrilling Story

Nature study goes back to the time when Man began to find his way about the world, when he began to build up season-lore, weather-lore, woodcraft, and all the rest, making experiments every day. What a thrilling story it is, still but dimly read, how Man fought with wild beasts till he worsted or tamed them, or learned their ways; how he sifted out the wholesome from the poisonous herbs, and began to sow; and how, cowering and crouching for ages, he watched the elemental forces of Nature until he began to get glimpses of their secret.

Woodcraft is the training of our five senses to their finest point: sight, hearing, touch, smell, taste. The most fascinating discovery we are likely to make is that animals are alive in a way that we ought to be but certainly are not. The very sleep of an animal is different; he seems to be on the edge of waking, so that the slightest strange sound or smell or vibration will bring him to his feet with every sense alert.

#### Harmony of the Five Senses

According to certain tribes in Central Africa every natural animal has the physical gifts of sight, hearing, and so on, and also Chumfoo.

Chumfoo is not a sixth or extraordinary sense, but the perfect co-operation of all five senses at their highest point. While we are doing any ordinary thing our five senses work independently, each busy at its own task. When we seem unable to get no farther the primitive man or animal goes back into his inner self; all his senses merge and harmonise into a perfect sense of perception, and at that moment the whole animal or the whole man becomes responsive to vibrations of the very finest degree around him.

#### Outdoor Good Manners

So it is that among savage tribes who live a natural life the knowledge of danger, and the power to describe persons and happenings outside the ordinary sense range, is much more common than among civilised folk.

There is no reason why anyone should be frightened by such a big subject. Start by training your eyes to follow a trail. Learn to sniff the first frost on an autumn night. Keep your ears open for the birds. Feel for the texture of the tree trunks in the woods, the beautiful satiny bark of the silver birch and the rough, knobbly surface of the ash.

Above all, keep your outdoor good manners, so that the public which strews paper bags over the heather and green moss, and prefers gramophone records to the songs of birds, may be brought to say: Teach us the Woodcraft way too!

## C. L. N.

### The Old Lady and the Orange

Number of Members—18,073

People living at Mill Hill have been complaining about the nerve-racking roar of aircraft and airmen retorting that they cannot help being noisy.

It is possible at present to fit a fairly efficient silencer to 80 to 120 h.p. engines, but not to a 500 h.p. engine. A huge extra load would have to be carried, and there would be great loss of power in back pressure. All they can do is to fly high, and sometimes clouds make that impossible.

The aircraft designer must go on trying to find a system of silencing the roar which will not entail too cumbersome a load; and meanwhile the poor people who live near aerodromes must try to be patient.

#### The Noiseless Aeroplane

But someone has pointed out that when we have discovered a way of silencing the exhaust and the airscrew it will not be altogether a good thing. A noiseless aeroplane would be the most terrible of all war weapons. It could destroy people with poison gas before they knew of its coming, for there would be no hum in the skies to guide the groping searchlights at the anti-aircraft stations.

That sounds a singularly bad argument. "Let us get rid of war, and silent aircraft will have no fears for us. Why should the world be fear-ridden still?"

We laugh at Miss Matty, the dear old maid in Cranford who rolled an orange under her bed every night to make sure that no robber was hidden there, but some of us live in the same atmosphere of unreasoning terror as that shivering lady. The cure for fear is friendship. Let the world take it in big doses, and it will be able to move forward to Channel Tunnels and silent aircraft and all the other good things that frighten us now.

The C.L.N. administers doses of friendship free, but charges sixpence for a badge. Who will join next?

#### How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: Children's League of Nations, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1. No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

## THE TRAGEDY OF CHINA

### Far-Reaching Effects of Civil War

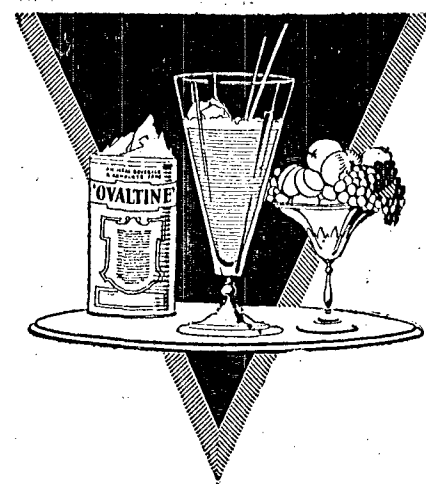
During the last few months affairs in China have once more become desperate.

After many years of civil war ordered government had been established in China proper by President Chiang Kai-shek and the Nationalist Party. But the Northern leaders Feng and Yen have quarrelled with Chiang Kai-shek and their armies have been advancing toward the Yangtse-kiang. To add to the confusion the communist forces of the South are also in revolt.

The Yangtse-kiang is one of the chief trade routes of China and consequently the whole world is seriously affected.

The Nationalist Government has been reorganising the educational system on the French model and the schools, universities, and Christian missionary centres are today placed in jeopardy.

It is, unhappily, very difficult to find out what is happening to some of these brave missionaries. We recently published a story that had been sent home describing the rescue of two ladies, but afterwards, too late for us to recall it, this story of the rescue was contradicted.



## Summer meals for Children should be more nourishing.

So often in these days the children refuse any foods except dainty salads, fruit dishes, and the lightest of summer fare! Yet their health and energy may be impaired by this diet because such foods supply insufficient nourishment.

The reason why they are often tired and fatigued in hot weather is simply because they are expending energy all day long, and sufficient new energy is not being created to make good the loss.

That is why cold "Ovaltine" is becoming so popular. This delicious beverage is not only a delightfully refreshing drink—it is also brimful of nourishment. Added to the ordinary light summer diet it supplies all the energy-giving, health-maintaining nutritive elements which that diet lacks. With the regular use of cold "Ovaltine" energy and health never flag—summer lassitude and fatigue are avoided.

Give your children this delicious beverage every day. You will be surprised and delighted at the way it maintains their health and vitality during the hot weather.

Cold "Ovaltine" is easy to prepare by adding "Ovaltine" to cold milk or milk and water. Mix for a minute with an egg whisk or in a shaker.

# OVALTINE

Served **COLD**

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,  
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.



## THE MEANEST PEOPLE ON EARTH

### What Shall We Do With Them?

#### MOTORISTS WHO ROB LITTLE CHILDREN

The other day the governors of the Royal Salop Infirmary met and learned among other things that the hospital spent £1000 on motor accidents last year. It recovered only £99. Wigan Infirmary was repaid only £7 for accidents which had cost £521.

What is bad enough to say of people who can afford to buy cars and are too mean to pay the hospital which saved their lives?

It is strange that the possession of a car should turn many apparently respectable people into petty thieves. There is not a village doctor who cannot tell of motoring people who have taken his medicines, bandages, and time, promising to send a fee that never comes.

#### An Opportunity for the A.A.

These mean people dare not steal petrol or food, for they know the garage proprietor and shopkeeper would have no mercy on them. But they steal from the hospital because they know that the hospital folk are pitiful and are too busy caring for the sick to track down defaulters.

These motorists are really robbing crippled children, doctors, nurses, and working-men who ought to go to hospital for operations. We subscribe to hospitals in order that these needy people may be treated. We do not want our money to be spent on the mean owners of cars and motor-bicycles. It is not fair that these people should fill hospital beds so that honest, suffering people have to wait in poor homes.

Something will have to be done: perhaps the A.A. can suggest what it should be.

Must hospitals call in the police when they discharge motor accident cases, or is there some other way of making these mean people pay?

## SELF-CONTAINED ELECTRIC TRAINS

### A Battery to Supply the Power

Electrification is the order of the day.

In the past few years many miles of railway track have at great cost been converted for use by electric trains. Now it seems as if electric trains may be able to run over ordinary railway systems carrying their own supply of electricity with them. For long past light vehicles have been run under these conditions, but a satisfactory battery has been lacking for the operation of heavy vehicles.

An Irish scientist, Dr James Drumm, has invented a new battery, however, which is capable of driving railway coaches and other heavy transport, and it has recently been tested on the Great Southern Railway of Ireland. It is a low-resistance alkaline battery giving 50 per cent higher voltage for each cell than is usual with this type. It is of very simple construction and is therefore cheap to produce. In the tests, in which a railway car has been used, it has been shown that the battery can yield large currents without much voltage drop, giving high speeds when necessary.

In an official statement issued by the Minister for Industry and Commerce it is said that the battery is particularly suitable for operating vehicles on a shuttle service or for railway operation where charging points can be arranged at suitable intervals. *Picture on page 3*

## WILL THE SCARECROW GO?

### And the Watch Dog?

#### WHERE IS THE B.B.C. LEADING US?

Electricity is making its way on the farm. The Loud Speaker is replacing the Scarecrow.

It was a lonely farmer in the Harz Mountains who first perceived its value. The scarecrow in his fields, however handsomely hatted, had no terrors for the birds. They made friends with it and went on picking up grain.

But when the farmer fixed a loud speaker underneath the scarecrow's tattered coat and turned it loose the birds flew away in terror.

Whether it was Herr Professor Teufelsdröckh delivering a discourse on the Children's Hour, or whether it was Fraulein Vogelgesang's top note, seemed to make no difference. The birds fled from either.

The terror inspired in the pigeon, the starling, and the sparrow by the loud speaker suggests other uses for it. The B.B.C. transmits many sounds to our ears, including the nightingale's song. Why not supply a dog's bark for the benefit of householders.

#### Possibilities of the Future

The watch-dog's honest bark repeated at irregular intervals during the night from an amplifier in the back garden might cause the suburban burglar to drop his tools.

We put aside as trivial that the bark might lead a neighbour to drop something on the loud speaker. These alarms would have to be produced by arrangement with the neighbourhood. They might be varied pleasantly if the B.B.C. should rise to its opportunities by other and more pleasing sounds. "The cock's shrill clarion" might echo, not necessarily at sunrise, but at the time when the maid-servants should awake to get breakfast ready and take in the milk.

Early risers could be called by request. The loud speaker would continue to rouse them till shut off. And how pleasant it would be to hear repeated in the dark hours the old watchman's cry still heard in Ely Place of "Twelve o'clock, and a fine starry night."

## BLUEBEARD CALLS

### News From an Old Scrap Book

A charming old scrap book has been discovered in the library of Buchanan Castle, owned by the Duke of Montrose.

Among the things in it is a list of Directions for the Household of Henry the Eighth, from which we learn that the Court dined at ten and supped at four, and that coal was only allowed in the King's, Queen's, and Lady Mary's Chambers.

One rule is illuminating: "His Highness's attendants are not to steal any locks or keys, tables, forms, cupboards, or other furniture out of Noblemen or Gentlemen's Houses where he goes to visit."

It helps us to imagine what those royal visits must have meant. A vast train would descend on the house and eat as much as an army of locusts. Sometimes the King's host would be almost ruined by the cost of entertaining such a crowd, and to make matters worse the greedy ones would pocket such pieces of furniture as took their fancy, and he would not like to grumble. It would need much courage to write to King Bluebeard: "Since you were here I have missed several things."

When we are shown the bed the King slept in we shall know what that sleep cost his host in food, drink, and new furniture.

It seems a pity that people are too busy today to make scrap books for their great-great-grandchildren. Our world will probably seem as strange to them as the Tudor world seems to us.

## THINGS TO SEE IN LONDON

### Two Roman Baths

One, in which David Copperfield "had many a cold plunge," is in a vaulted chamber at 5, Strand Lane, near Aldwych Tube Station. It is 15½ feet long, 6 feet 9 inches broad, and 4½ feet deep; is fed by cold, crystal-clear water from a spring thought to have supplied the holy well whence bygone Holywell Street derived its name. Admission 6d; Saturdays 11-12 free.

The other, a vapour bath, is below the Coal Exchange opposite Billingsgate; it is best visited on Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday afternoons.

### Ruins of Old St Paul's

In the garden on the south side of Wren's masterpiece are fragments of the southern cloister and of one of the buttresses of the Chapter House of the cathedral destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666. Near the north-east angle of the choir are the foundations of the celebrated St Paul's Cross; in the crypt and Triforium Gallery are some other fragments of Old St Paul's.

### Wren's Model

Sir Christopher Wren's favourite design for the new St Paul's was in the form of a Greek cross with a great vestibule and portico surmounted by a lesser dome, the points of the cross being connected by concave façades. This beautiful design was, and is, thought a great deal of; a large model of it is preserved in the cathedral.

### Sir Thomas More's Mulberry Tree

In the garden of a little convent in Beaufort Street, Chelsea, and beside part of the boundary wall of the great chancellor's Chelsea home, is a flourishing mulberry tree dating from the time of Sir Thomas More. The inscription tells us: "When surrounded by his family and friends it is certain he often held those tender and witty conversations which he loved beneath its shelter." The tree can be seen by arrangement.

### Gates by Inigo Jones

For old Beaufort House, Chelsea, Inigo Jones designed a beautiful stone gateway referred to by Pope. In 1737 it was given by Sir Hans Sloane to Lord Burlington, who re-erected it at Chiswick House, now public property, where it still stands. It is claimed that Inigo Jones also designed the old water gate in the Embankment Gardens at the foot of Buckingham Street, Strand.

### The Pedlar and His Dog

In the parish church of St Mary, Lambeth, near the archbishop's palace, is a window showing a pedlar and his dog. Its origin is attributed to the 15th century, but the existing window is of later date. The pedlar bequeathed to the parish, provided a window were put up to his memory, some land, afterwards called Pedlar's Acre, valued then at 2s 8d a year. When sold to the L.C.C. for the purposes of the new County Hall this land realised £81,000. Another story says the bequest was made by a Rev du Pedlar, at one time rector of Streatham, and that the window was erected to his memory.

### London Stone

This is a block of oolite, guarded by a grille, and was set in the wall of St Swithin's Church, Cannon Street, in 1798. It once stood on the other side of the street. It is said to be the milestone from which the Romans calculated distances on the main roads. Shakespeare, in Henry the Sixth, represents Jack Cade striking it with his sword, exclaiming "Now is Mortimer lord of this City" and charging the conduit to "run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign."

### Raleigh's Great Book

A copy of Raleigh's History of the World, presented by him to Henry Prince of Wales, was given by James the First as a wedding present to his daughter Elizabeth. After being lost on the Continent for some time, it found its way to the Royal Library in the British Museum, where it may now be seen.

## STEPPING INTO THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

### A Visit to Albert Dürer's Home

By a Travelling Correspondent

In the dark doorway of a workshop in old Nuremberg two little girls were gaily swinging as I passed by searching for the house of Dürer, the most famous of German artists.

The work of the day was ended, and the children's father had put up the swing on two hooks just above the door. They stood together upon it going to and fro beneath the old rafters. Round the corner I found the artist's house. I rang the bell, the door opened to admit me, and I stepped straight into the fifteenth century, for the house has remained unchanged since Dürer lived in it.

#### In the Artist's Studio

The artist's living-room has five windows looking out on to the quaint houses and gables of Nuremberg and upon the castle with its ancient tower, the oldest in the town, and of a rather tragic appearance, dark and frowning. In a corner of the room I noticed a brass globe-shaped vessel fixed to the wall, beneath which was a triangular basin of the same metal.

"That is Dürer's wash basin," said the caretaker, "and the round fixture held the water."

"What a delightful arrangement," I said, and added, laughing, "quite modern!" But my remark was taken seriously. "It is not modern, lady," said the caretaker. "Albert Dürer introduced it into one of his pictures. Come, and I will show it to you."

She conducted me to the room which had served the artist as studio, where his sketches and engravings are still displayed, and she pointed triumphantly to one which represented the interior of a house with a group of people. There were the globular water-holder and the triangular basin both portrayed.

#### A Bunch of Violets

I passed on to look at a letter written by Dürer at the end of which he had drawn a little dog and a daisy. He did not despise the day of small things, for close by was a painting of a bunch of violets, the colour of which was wonderfully fresh though the paper was yellow with antiquity.

Who had given him the violets, I wondered, which he so daintily immortalised. Beside them was an exquisite drawing of a delicate field flower.

And there, on the tables, were the most famous pictures known to all the world by means of which this man, poor in material things but rich in perception and artistic power, reaches out still his hand to all humanity.

## THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Low Moor, the Lancashire cotton village on the Ribble near Clitheroe, is silent. The spinning wheels which have been heard there since 1799 may hum no more.

Cotton has deserted the village. The mill, which employed most of the 800 villagers, is empty. It would have been sold with the rest of the village which in a hundred years grew up round it except that there was no bidder.

All else was sold in Low Moor. The cottages, the village school, the post office, all have changed hands, at bargain prices. The owners of the mill and the village had no more use for them.

A hope was felt that someone would buy the mill, which has valuable water rights on the Ribble. No one appeared to do so. Yet when winter comes spring cannot be far behind. Perhaps Low Moor and Lancashire cotton may revive, and those who bought cheaply may find they bought bargains after all.



August 23, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

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## CANNIBAL ISLAND

Serial Story by  
T. C. BridgesCHAPTER 43  
How It Worked

"SULA!" It was Gabe's harsh whisper. "You, Sula, are you asleep?" he added angrily. It was not till then that Jim realised that he was Sula. He jumped up in fright, for he knew not one word of Malay so could not answer.

Luckily Gabe paid no particular attention. The last thing he could possibly suspect was the presence of anyone but his own people on this beach, and in any case it was very dark. Besides, he was accustomed to the sullen, silent ways of his Malays. In a low voice he gave orders to get the launch afloat, and Jim lent his help in this work. It was easy enough, for the rising tide had already reached her stern.

Then all tumbled in and Kapak set to work on the engine. It fired almost at once, but as they had covered it up with folded sail-cloth the sound was not loud. There was no danger of the Dolphin's people hearing it for she was near the reef where the roar of the surf drowned other sounds. Jim saw that she was still moving but was evidently slowing to her anchorage.

Then it occurred to him that the first thing Don would do after anchoring would be to lower a boat and come in for Parami, and this gave him a fresh fright for the launch could, of course, pick up a boat with much less trouble than capturing the schooner.

Kapak nursed the launch along with the engine just ticking over. She made hardly a ripple, hardly a sound, as she crept across the lagoon, and dark as it was Jim felt sure that Don would never see her. Presently he heard a fresh sound, the rattle of a chain.

"She's anchoring," he heard Gabe say to Kapak, and there was a satisfied tone in his voice. Yes, she was anchoring and the question in Jim's mind was whether the launch would reach her before Don started ashore. Suddenly he remembered that Don had no boat, for the only one left by the cyclone was the small boat in which he himself had drifted out of the lagoon. This took a little of the load of anxiety off his mind, but all the same his heart was thumping unpleasantly against his ribs, for with every turn of the screw the launch was getting nearer to the Dolphin and to the moment when he must give his warning.

Nearer they came and nearer. Now Jim could see not only the riding light but the faint glow from the binnacle lamp and another from an open porthole of the main cabin.

Gabe whispered to Kapak and the engine was stopped. The men got out paddles and began silently working the launch toward the schooner. Jim accidentally splashed a little and heard the man behind him whisper an angry threat. Like a great black insect the launch crawled across the calm water toward the Dolphin, and Jim began to feel a difficulty in breathing as he thought that in less than a minute he must give his warning.

Jim began to count to himself. He decided that at the end of twenty strokes he would be near enough to be certain of making Don hear. The strokes were slower now. It was marvellous how quietly the Malays worked. They seemed hardly to breathe. The Dolphin herself was very quiet and the only sound that Jim could hear was the low, endless roar of the surf breaking on the outer reef. Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty! Jim sprang to his feet.

"Don!" he yelled at the top of his voice. "Don, look out!"

With a fierce exclamation the man next him grabbed at him and caught his arm. Jim swung and drove his fist full against the man's jaw, knocking him flat into the bottom of the launch, then before the rest had recovered from their amazement he made a great jump overboard.

As he struck the water he heard the sharp bark of a pistol; but the bullet missed him and he dived deeply and swam hard under water. On and on he went until he began to feel as if his head would burst, then suddenly he bumped against something hard and grasping it found that he had hold of the Dolphin's anchor chain. He raised his head above water and took a long gasping breath, then looked round for the launch. She was coming right past him, and as she came flashes of fire darted from her and he heard the heavy reports of pistol fire. He ducked again, holding the chain below water and keeping his nose only above the calm surface.

Fresh flashes came from the Dolphin. Mark's rifle, it seemed, was at work, but the launch's engine was working at top

speed and the launch herself travelling at a great pace. Jim felt a great surge of thankfulness as he realised that he had been successful and that Gabe had given up his hope of seizing the schooner.

The firing ceased and Jim heard Don shouting. "Jim! Jim! Where are you?" "Here," replied Jim, as he let go of the chain and swam to his side.

Don had him in an instant and lifted him right out of the water and on to the deck.

"Are you hurt? Did he hit you?" he asked in a voice that was harsh with anxiety.

"I'm all right," Jim assured him, "absolutely all right. But Gabe. He's getting away. Get the anchor up and go after him."

"Can't be done, Jim," Don answered. "We've hardly any petrol. We could never catch them."

"But they have Mark's gold."

"I know. At least I thought they must, for I spotted it was Mark's launch. But what's it matter? You have the red pearls."

"How do you know?"

"I know you got away from Jansen. I know a lot of things. You see I have Jansen aboard."

Jim gasped. "Jansen aboard—a prisoner!"

"Yes. But it's a long story. And you look as if you'd had about enough. Come below and change and I'll tell you."

As they turned Mark came hurrying up. "Jim, old chap," he cried, seizing both Jim's hands, "so you got through?"

"I'm here anyhow," said Jim with a grin. "And you came at the right moment for us," Mark answered. "If you hadn't warned us those beggars would have had us for a certainty."

"Then the whole lot of us would have been scuppered," added Don with a grim edge to his voice. "Now come on down, Jim; you'll be getting fever."

"And you've got Jansen?" asked Jim eagerly as he stripped off the wet, dirty clothes which he had taken from the Malay.

"How did you manage that?"

"I didn't," said Don drily. "The natives did it for me."

"Go on," Jim said. "Tell me."

## CHAPTER 44

## Direk Jansen Prophecies

"THERE'S not much to tell," Don answered. "You'll know from Parami how we went after you. Mark and Chi Ling and I were going to get you away from Jansen even if we had to board the Stiletto. But the first thing we saw when we got down the coast a bit was a big blaze."

"The natives had fired the Stiletto?"

"They had, and made a job of it. When we got near she was blazing like a bonfire, and the beggars dancing on the beach like mad things. We knew what had happened, and at first we thought they'd mopped up Jansen and the whole of his crew. But just then Chi Ling spotted a boat making off to sea. The chance was too good to miss, so as we couldn't save the Stiletto we went after her. Jansen began by defying us and vowing he would shoot if we tackled him, but I soon found out that he was the only one of all his lot who had a gun. I told him I'd run his boat down if he didn't surrender. So we got him aboard and tied him up. And we did the same with the rest of his precious crew, including Sangata. And there they are in the fo'c'sle, safe as houses."

Jim drew a long breath. "It looks as if things were really straightening up at last," he said. "What's the next move, Don?"

"Him suppel," said Chi Ling, poking his solemn face in at the door.

Jim jumped across and grabbed the tall Chinaman's hand.

"Chi, you old ruffian, I'm jolly glad to see you again. And supper will be a good move. I have had nothing all day except some cold grub."

"I think you look pretty hungry," declared Chi. "So you come."

Supper was ready in the main cabin. Chi had opened a tin of sausages and fried them; he had made coffee; there were peaches with custard, and fresh, crisp scones with lots of tinned butter. Don, Mark, and Jim sat down and Chi waited on them and listened to their talk.

Jim did most of the talking, for the others insisted on hearing every detail of his escape, first from Jansen, then from the natives. When he had finished Mark looked at him.

"It's better to be born lucky than rich, Jim. You're not the first to escape from a cannibal village, but I never before heard

Continued on the next page

# CLARK'S CREAMED BARLEY

British Food for British Folk  
Cooked-Ready-to-Eat  
The meal in a moment

## New PRESENTS

Every Packet of Clark's Creamed Barley—the cooked-ready-to-eat **BRITISH** Breakfast Food—contains a Red Seal. These Red Seals are exchanged for Presents for all ages. Below are some new Presents for Readers of the Children's Newspaper.

**PRESENT No. 7—Nickel-plated Pocket Compass**, invaluable to Scouts, Cubs and Guides.

**PRESENT No. 77—The fascinating outdoor game "Diabolo"**—all the rage again in Paris. Leather-bound ferrule-ended sticks. Boxwood Whistling Cone with rubber cushion bands. In cardboard box.

**PRESENT No. 78—A very high quality roft. Skipping Rope**, with ball-bearing boxwood handles. An artistic and hard-wearing toy that encourages healthful exercise.

**PRESENT No. 79—Air Gun**, with nickelled barrel. Fires pellets or darts. In box, with a box of pellets.

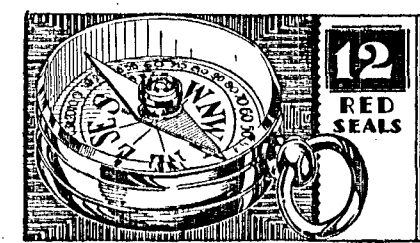
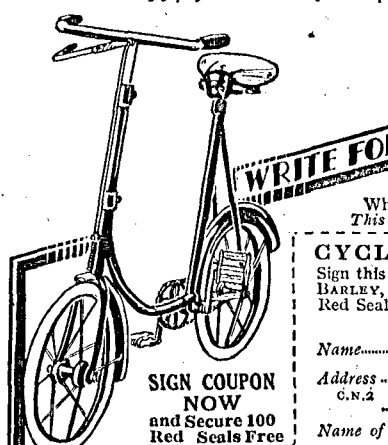
**PRESENT No. 31—Well-made miniature Set of Chessmen**. Carved Bone Chessmen, pegged to fit in holes drilled in inlaid walnut and satin wood squares recessed in folding wooden case, mahogany polished. Set can be carried in pocket and game can be played anywhere, as pieces cannot be upset accidentally.

**Clark's Creamed Barley** is prepared from the finest British Barley—the richest and most nourishing of all cereals. It is the whole barley grain, with nothing added and nothing taken away, except the outer husk, and cooked ready to eat.

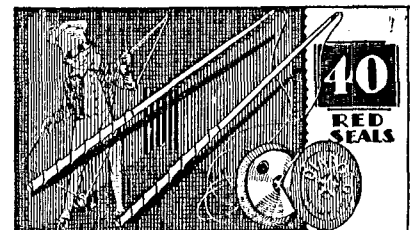
**Clark's Creamed Barley** is primarily a breakfast food—delicious and appetising, easily digested. It is equally suitable for all meals.

**CHILDREN** especially love **CLARK'S CREAMED BARLEY**. Puny children, without appetite quickly thrive on it.

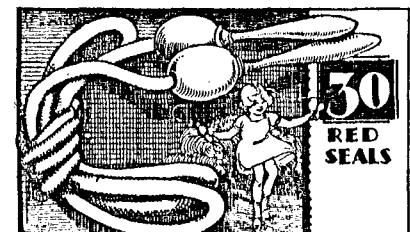
Every Packet of Clark's Barley contains one Red Seal. These Red Seals are exchanged for Presents. List of Presents post free on application to Clark's Creamed Barley, 72, Fleet Street, E.C.4.



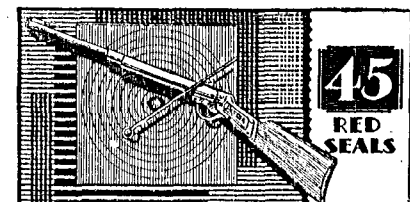
PRESENT No. 7



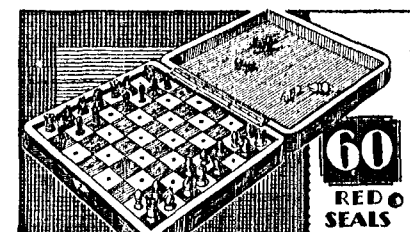
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PRESENT No. 78



PRESENT No. 79



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**WRITE FOR BOOKLET OF FREE GIFTS**  
**BUILT FOR JOY BUT NOT A TOY**

This Birmingham-made Child's Cycle is supplied free in exchange for 200 Red Seals from CCB packets. Nickel-plated handle bars and brake, 14-inch frame, 12-inch wheels, wired-on Rubber Tyres, and Two-coil Fan seat Saddle. This coupon can be sent in unsealed envelope under 1d. stamp.

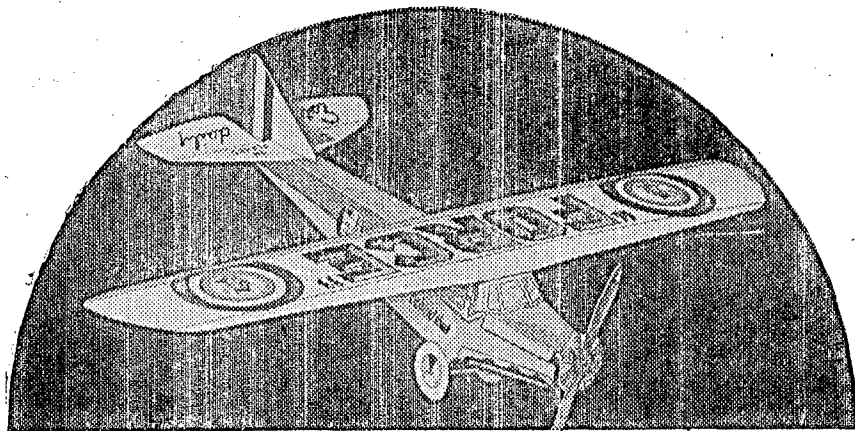
**CYCLE COUPON—100 RED SEALS FREE**

Sign this Registration Coupon now and send it to CLARK'S CREAMED BARLEY, 72 Fleet Street, E.C.4, and you will receive a receipt for 100 Red Seals, enabling you to obtain one of these cycles for 100 instead of 200 Red Seals.

Name.....  
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Actual Photograph of the Finished Model

**FREE TO READERS of CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER**

## SUNNY JIM'S FORCEPLANE

Let "Sunny Jim" send to YOU, Free, one of these wonderful gliding models. Fill in the coupon below and post it to "Sunny Jim" with a "Force" packet top and a 1½d. stamp (to cover postage on the model).

You will receive the brightly coloured "Forceplane" diagram, size 10" x 22", all ready for you to cut out and construct. How proud you will feel when you launch it and see it gliding gracefully for twenty or thirty yards.

Send at once for "Sunny Jim's" "Forceplane," and eat also "Sunny Jim's" famous food—"Force." "Force" is whole wheat, the food for health. You will love the crisp golden flakes. "Force" saves mother work, it saves her time too. "Force" needs no cooking, no preparation. Shake the flakes straight from the packet on to your plate; add milk and sugar to taste, and breakfast is ready. Ask mother to give you "Force" every day, it tastes fine with all sorts of fruits, and can be eaten any time at any meal.



### COUPON for FREE MODEL AEROPLANE

To SUNNY JIM, Dept. F.P.7., A. C. Fincken & Co.,  
197, Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.1.

Please send me, free, a "Sunny Jim" Force-plane. I enclose a 1½d. stamp for postage and one top from a "Force" packet. (Tops from Sample packets are not accepted.) This offer closes 15th September, 1930.

Your Name.....

Your Address.....

Town.....

(This offer applies in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State only)

## The little that means so much!

It is the multiplicity of small donations that means so much in the furtherance of our work for the little people. There must be no delay in the treatment of the tiny tots if they are to have a fair chance. It is by treating the trouble at the beginning that so much suffering is avoided in later years.

### SEND YOUR MITE FOR OUR MITES!

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## THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

VINCENT SQUARE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.

Secretary—A. J. SMALL, Esq.

of a chap getting away from a crocodile without a gun, or swimming in a lagoon like this without being taken by a shark."

Jim shivered a little at the recollection. "Don, what are we going to do now?" he asked.

"Pick up Parami, Kupa, and Motu and push back for Thursday Island," replied Don promptly.

"And let Mark's gold go?" Jim said, in a very disappointed voice.

"You have the pearls?" said Don.

"Yes, I've got the pearls," Jim answered and put his hand in his pocket. He jumped up. "I must have left them in the other clothes," he added hastily, and hurried out of the cabin. He was back in a couple of minutes, and the expression on his face frightened the others.

"They're gone!" he cried. "The cart-ridge is gone!"

"You left it with Parami," said Don.

"I didn't. I wish I had. I had it in the pocket of my shorts which I kept on under Sula's things. And the pocket has a hole, and ten to one that cartridge is lying in the bottom of the launch this minute. Oh, what a fool I am!" he added with a groan.

He looked so wretchedly unhappy that neither of the others could find a word of blame. Mark was the first to speak.

"Then it's up to us to follow the launch, Don. After all, we know exactly where Gabe has gone."

"Venga, you mean."

"Yes, Jansen's secret harbour. It's not more than thirty miles west of here. We'll pick up Parami and the others, and that makes us seven. With that number we ought to be able to handle Gabe's crowd."

Don nodded. "Yes. Then the sooner we start the better. Your launch isn't fast, is she?"

"If they can get six knots out of her they'll be lucky," replied Mark.

"Then we'll be all right if we can pick up a breeze," said Don as he got up. "Jim, do you feel up to helping me with the boat? Mark must stay aboard to keep an eye on the prisoner."

"I'll come," said Jim. "Pulling a boat is about all I'm good for," he added bitterly.

They had the Stiletto's boat, which was a good one, and it did not take them long to reach the beach where Parami and the other two were anxiously waiting.

"You safe, Marse Jim!" exclaimed Parami. "My word, I glad!"

"He's safe, and thanks to him we're safe," said Don. "And we've got Jansen and his men prisoners aboard the Dolphin. But Gabe has gone off with the red pearls and the gold and it's up to us to catch him. So jump in, the three of you, and I'll tell you about it on the way out."

This time Kupa and Motu took the oars, and while they rowed Don told Parami what had happened. Parami listened with his usual quiet attention, and remained silent when Don had finished speaking.

"You're very quiet," said Don smiling. Parami looked up. "Cap'n, you taking Jansen to Venga?"

"Why, yes. What else can I do with him?"

"I think better leave him here. If we catch Gabe we have too many prisoners for one small ship."

Don grunted. "I hadn't thought of that, but of course you're right. Yes, they'll be safe enough here, and we can give them food enough to keep them until we can pick them up again."

"It hangs us up for an hour," said Jim. "We might just miss catching Gabe before he gets into this place you call Venga, and if it's so secret we may never find the entrance."

"We'll find that all right. Redburn is ready to tell us in return for his liberty."

"I wouldn't trust him," said Jim curtly.

"No more would I, but in this case he's reliable enough. He's got the wind up thoroughly since we caught Jansen."

"Well, just as you like," said Jim quietly. "Parami is probably right about the risk of having too many prisoners." As he spoke the boat ran alongside the Dolphin, and Don called to Mark and told him of their decision. Mark agreed, and he and Chi Ling brought the prisoners one by one and put them into the boat. Last of all Jansen himself was brought out, and Don told him what he meant to do.

"You'll be safe enough," he said. "The natives can't reach the beach and there's a good cave in which you can shelter. I'm leaving you food and I shall pick you up on my way back."

Jansen shrugged his huge shoulders. "I doubt it," he said. "If you go to Venga the odds are that you will never return."

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO TO THE RESCUE

ADOLPHUS was tremendously proud of his car. He spent no end of time polishing it and never let anybody else touch it.

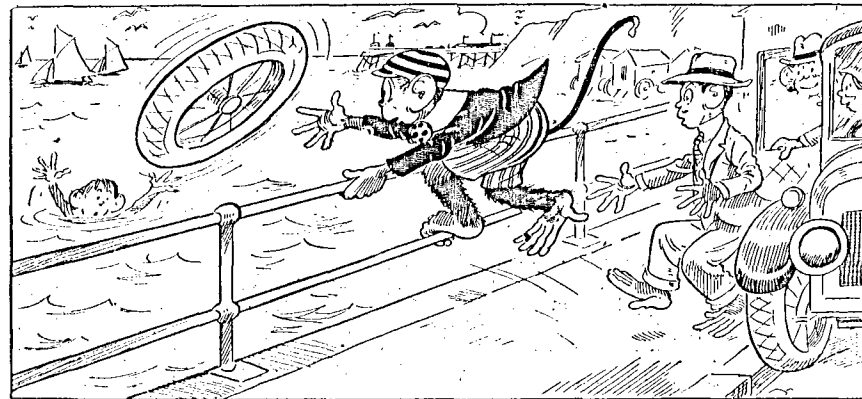
One day he surprised the family by offering to take them all to the seaside—he was not keen on family outings as a rule, especially if Jacko were included.

and apples and bananas. It was no wonder that everybody felt like a good sleep by the time lunch was over.

Except Jacko. The young rascal was wide awake, as usual.

"Now for some fun!" he said.

He didn't have long to wait. Suddenly there was a cry, and Jacko saw some-



Jacko flung it into the sea

It wasn't long before they got to Monkeyville-on-Sea, and Adolphus drove the car along the front two or three times to show off the gleaming paint and varnish. Fortunately there was a parking place near the beach, and he was able to leave the car well in sight.

Jacko had quite a good time. He paddled and he bathed, and he went on the pier, and he even spent sixpence on the switchback.

And in spite of all the ice creams he had eaten he was quite ready for lunch when Mother Jacko opened the picnic basket. There were ham sandwiches and cucumber sandwiches and sausage rolls; and when these came to an end Mother Jacko produced cakes and buns

body waving an arm in the water. A bath had got into difficulties.

Nobody seemed to know what to do about it, though people began rushing about excitedly. Jacko gave one look at the sleeping Adolphus and then made a dash for the car.

It didn't take long to unstrap the spare wheel, and with a heave Jacko flung it into the sea.

He imagined it would make a fine lifebelt, but it no sooner touched the water than it sank.

Adolphus woke up just in time to see his beautiful new spare wheel disappearing in the waves.

They soon had the man out—but the sea had the spare wheel for keeps.



## Bread, Cheese, and Cricket

How much do you suppose a first-class cricketer earns? You may have imagined that his salary borders on a Cabinet Minister's figures.

As a fact, some of life's worst tragedies have been the outcome of young men throwing up their work in order to join the ground staff of a county club.

A promising young player may be told that he will be engaged as a ground-bowler—this applies to batsmen as well—from May to the end of August, at a salary of about three pounds a week. If he shows distinct ability he will receive winter wages of from ten to twenty shillings a week.

It isn't all sunshine and excitement and fun being a professional cricketer, as you will realise if you read the special article in this week's issue of

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Buy a Copy Today — 2d



## That Penetrating Foam won thousands over to Gibbs Dentifrice

The fragrant antiseptic foam of Gibbs Dentifrice penetrates into the hidden recesses and crannies where the tooth-brush cannot go—dissolving and sweeping away all decay-causing deposits.

Healthy pearly lustre is brought out without slightest risk of scratch. The whole mouth is refreshed. Gums are toned-up—made firm and rosy. The teeth kept safe and sound.

No wonder Gibbs Dentifrice is the favourite family Dentifrice in the British Isles. Buy each member of your household a case of Gibbs Dentifrice to-day.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles  
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Popular Size 7½d; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6;  
Refills 11d. For those who prefer a paste,  
Gibbs Dental Cream—in Tubes 6d. and 1/-.  
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## "HELP! HELP!"

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PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/11 to 27/11 yard.  
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**NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.**  
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**ENGLAND.**



Shredded Wheat with milk and fruit makes a delicious nourishing meal, well balanced and completely satisfying. The best possible breakfast for busy people and all children.

## SHREDDDED WHEAT

BRITONS MAKE IT—IT MAKES BRITONS.

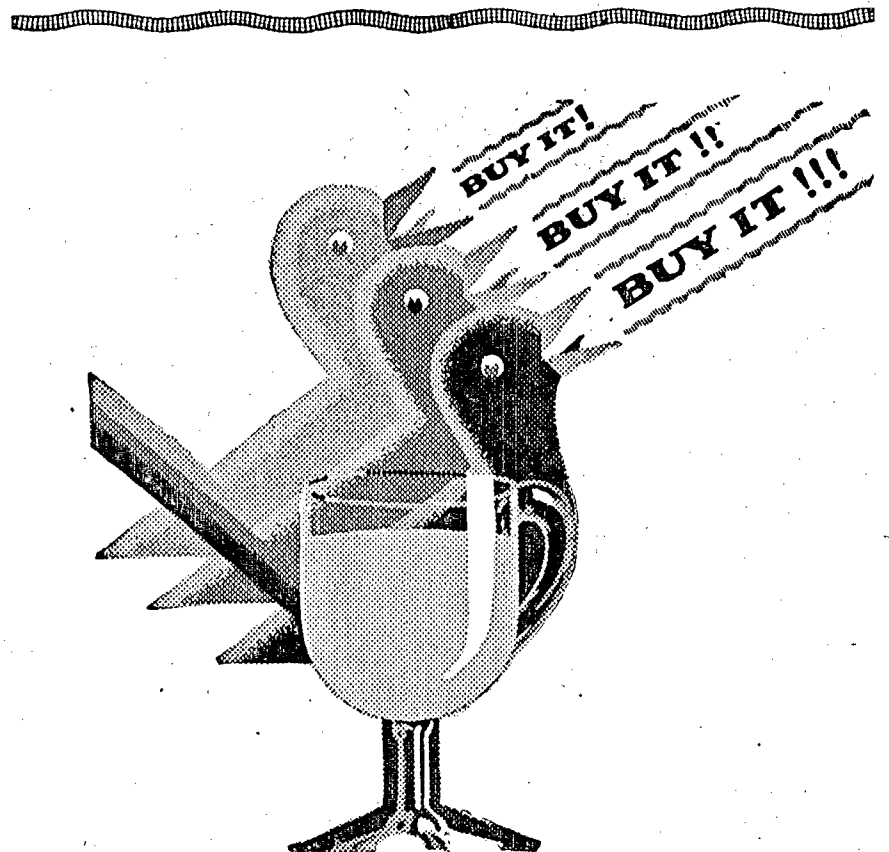
## CUT THIS OUT

**CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON.** **VALUE 3d.**  
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the **FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4.** By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling **FLEET S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/- or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



## EAST END MISSION

15,000 Children from homes of poverty in East End slums will, this summer, be given a day's holiday at the seaside or in the country. 2/- pays for one child, giving him, or her, twelve hours' happiness. Between 500 and 600 of the most delicate and sickly boys and girls will be sent to a holiday home for a fortnight at a cost of 30/- each. Tired-out mothers and old people will also be given a holiday. Stepney is London's most over-crowded and poorest borough. Please send generous help. Contributions, greatly needed, thankfully acknowledged by the Rev. F. W. CHUDLEIGH, East End Mission, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.



## BIRD'S is best —and best with fruit.

"'Bird's' is the only Custard that tastes as good as it looks."

C96

"Something to sing about"

STURDY BABES ARE REARED ON

## Mellin's Food

THE FOOD THAT FEEDS

SEND THIS  
COUPON  
FOR  
FREE  
SAMPLE

This coupon entitles sender to "How to Feed Baby"—a book every Mother should have—and a sample of Mellin's Food. Post it now to Mellin's Food, Ltd., Dept. F/67, London, S.E.15.

Name.....

Address.....

.....Baby's age.....



"Good! It's  
Mason's! And  
Teetotal too!"

Prime Beer can be made at home at a cost of only 6d. per gallon from a 9d. bottle of

## Mason's Extract of Herbs

Buy a bottle to-day from your grocer, chemist or stores, or send 1/- in stamps for bottle enough to make 8 gallons.

NEWBALL AND MASON, LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM.



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 23, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year. (Canada 14s).

## THE BRAN TUB

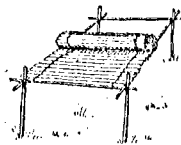
### What Am I?

MY first is in ice but not in snow;  
My second's in trickle but not in flow,  
My third is in suit but not in coat,  
My fourth is in steamer but not in boat,  
My fifth is in horse but not in mare,  
My sixth is in worry but not in care,  
My seventh is in nose but not in head,  
My whole is a colour akin to red.

Answer next week

### A Camp Table

A PORTABLE camp table can be made with little trouble on the lines shown in the picture. You will need some strong staves, a number of laths, and some twine. With laths and twine a kind of wooden mat is made. Lengths of twine are tied near each end of the first lath, the string then being looped and tied round the following laths, which are arranged one after the other.



This arrangement forms the table top, which can easily be rolled up and carried about. In fixing the table four uprights are driven into the ground to form legs. The table top is supported by two horizontal sticks which rest on cross-pieces fixed between the uprights. Tie them securely at the corners and you can then unroll the mat of laths to complete the table.

### The Starling

Now that the breeding season is over starlings are beginning to congregate in large flocks whose straight, swift flying and beautiful evolutions are very interesting to watch.

Although at this time of the year the birds do a lot of damage by eating fruit they make up for it by the large number of insects they destroy, especially earlier in the year when they have a nest of young ones to feed.

### Is Your Name Logan?

LOGAN is a Celtic word used in Scottish place names, both singly and as a prefix. It means a hollow place or plain or a meadow surrounded by rising ground; and probably the ancestor of the Logans of today lived at or near such a place and was called John or William of the Logan, and then John or William Logan. The Logans no doubt originally came from Scotland.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Jupiter and Mars are in the South-East. In the evening Venus is in the West and Saturn is in the South. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on Thursday, August 28.



### Facts About Water

WATER consists, by weight, of eight parts of oxygen to one of hydrogen; and, by volume, of one part of oxygen to two of hydrogen.

In small quantities it is colourless, but in large quantities it has a bluish tinge.

Water covers 72 per cent of the surface of the Earth.

It is present in large quantities in all living matter, some plants containing as much as 90 per cent.

### An Enigma

A TURNING-POINT I always stand  
In all your lives each day;  
Nor backward do I ever gaze  
Nor ever lead the way.  
Reverse me, and I do not change;  
Take half away and you will see  
That I am nothing evermore,  
Nor can I ever be. Answer next week

### Diagonal Acrostic

FILL in the letters to form the words described. When this has been done, correctly the diagonal line represented by noughts will spell the name of a naval battle fought in 1805.

O\*\*\*\*\* Town in Devonshire  
\*O\*\*\*\*\* Armoured animal  
\*\*O\*\*\*\*\* Common British bird  
\*\*\*O\*\*\*\*\* Spring flowers  
\*\*\*\*O\*\*\*\*\* Bell-flower  
\*\*\*\*\*O\*\*\*\*\* Kind of lizard  
\*\*\*\*\*O\*\*\*\*\* Bird of grouse family  
\*\*\*\*\*O\*\*\*\*\* Famous rock  
\*\*\*\*\*O\*\*\*\*\* A reptile

Answer next week

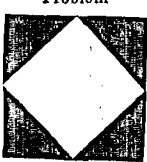
### Ici On Parle Français



Le camp Le dromadaire Le bidon  
N'irons-nous pas au camp cet été?  
Les dromadaires n'ont qu'une bosse.  
Y a-t-il du pétrole dans le bidon?

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

#### The Window Problem

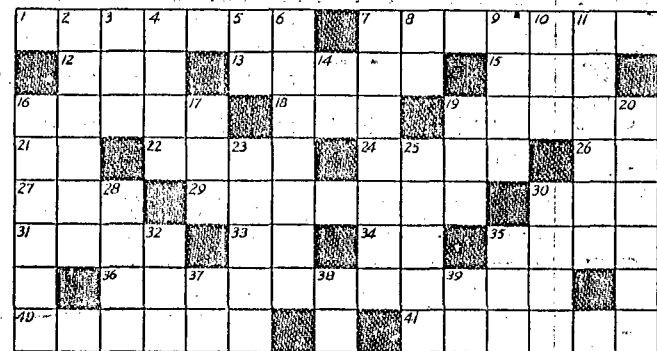


#### Dropped Vowels

I shot an arrow into the air  
It fell to earth I knew not where  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. Floating wreckage. 7. Sacred beetles. 12. Before. 13. Speaks imperfectly. 15. Associate of the Royal Academy\*. 16. A hard, elastic metal. 18. The seat of episcopal power. 19. Perfume. 21. French for and. 22. Reward. 24. Follows bread and butter. 26. Motorist's organisation\*. 27. X. 29. Want of transparency. 30. Girl's name. 31. Neat. 33. Pronoun. 34. Preposition. 35. To pull. 36. A popular garden flower. 40. Occurrences. 41. To wander.

**Reading Down.** 2. A written message. 3. The source from which metals are obtained. 4. To bring forth. 5. Chemical symbol for aluminium. 6. To date wrongly. 7. Distinctive. 8. Civil Service\*. 9. A rapid course. 10. Exist. 11. Popular fruit. 14. Compass point. 16. Come to rest. 17. A constellation. 19. The firmament. 20. To involve. 23. Poems of heroism. 25. A perfume. 28. Good. 30. A desert dweller. 32. A human being. 35. Faint. 37. Lieutenant\*. 38. Conjunction. 39. Royal Academician\*.

## DI MERRYMAN

### One of Ten

TEACHER: Where is Felixstowe?  
Bright Pupil: On his foot, sir.

### Walking Preferred

MRS NEWRICH was riding in her expensive limousine down a steep hill when suddenly the chauffeur became alarmed.  
"Madam," he exclaimed, "the brakes refuse to act."  
"Then stop the car immediately," said Mrs Newrich. "I'll get out and walk."

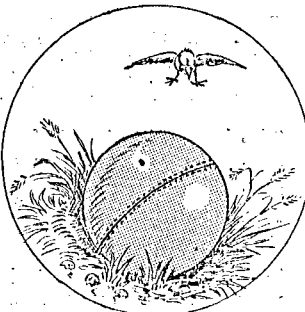
### A Casualty

IT is breakfast-time at the seaside boarding-house; the landlady speaks.

"I must apologise for there being only tea; the coffee is exhausted."

Voice from the far end of the table: "I'm not surprised. It's been getting weaker day by day."

### Lost Ball



THE soaring lark sang loud and shrill:

"I don't believe, and never will,  
That any bird beneath the skies  
Could lay an egg of such a size."  
She hadn't spied a nearby wicket  
With boys around it playing cricket!

### A Long Wait

THE Professor walked into the restaurant, where he was well known:

"Have I left my hat here?" he asked the waiter.

"No, sir," replied the waiter; "but your friend Mr Molecule has been waiting more than an hour for you."

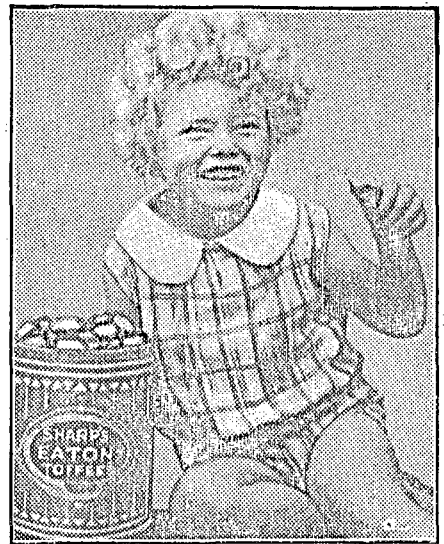
"There now," said the Professor, "I knew I'd forgotten something."

### Horses and Horse-Power

HE was very old, but he had never left his native village. Then one day he was taken to Southampton and was shown round a big Atlantic liner.

"Here are the engines," he was told. "They are of 50,000 horse-power."

"Phew!" was all he could say. Then after a few seconds, he added: "But I'd like to see their stables."



"One for you,  
Daddy!"

Even Daddy likes Sharp's Eaton Toffee, so that shows it must be nice. He says he likes the creaminess and the flavour. Be sure to buy some Sharp's Eaton Toffee next time. You *will* enjoy it.



Keep a box  
by your  
bedside!

When you awake does your throat feel constricted or parched? That is a sign of "morning mouth." An "Allenburys" Pastille sucked immediately on waking brings a sweet cleanness to the mouth and a contented throat. The juice of fresh ripe black currants, together with pure glycerine, make them so delightfully refreshing.

Allenburys  
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

8d. and 1/3 per box from chemists

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

VIRGINIA's mother had bought her a tortoise from a man who came round selling big and little tortoises in a bag.

Virginia was delighted with her pet and had immediately named him Nelson. She kept him in a box of hay at night, and put him out at the top of the garden the first thing every morning.

Nelson was very fond of the clover there, and he used to wander about along the grass borders and the lawn.

One afternoon Mummy and Virginia were going to tea with Granny, and Virginia was going to take Nelson to show her. She took great trouble in lining a basket with grass and lettuce leaves and making a cosy little hole in

the middle for Nelson to lie in. Then she went up the garden to fetch him for his



She was delighted with her pet

outing. But Nelson was nowhere to be seen!

Virginia searched among the plants and shrubs and along the border, but there was no sign of the tortoise.

Then her mother came out to help her, but they could not find any sign of the rascal.

"We shall have to go without him, dear," said Mummy. "It is getting late, and Granny will be wondering why we have not come."

"Oh, but, Mummy, I must take Nelson to tea with Granny," cried Virginia.

"He will have to go another day," said Mummy. "Perhaps he's hidden in the rhubarb," she added.

The little girl shook her head. "I've looked there," she said.

"Well, you must come along now. We must hurry."

Poor Virginia followed her mother slowly, searching with all her eyes as they went down the garden. But still

## VIRGINIA'S TORTOISE

the tortoise was nowhere to be seen, so she had to leave her basket behind in the hall.

Then suddenly she heard a funny little scraping noise on the gravel path, and, looking up, she saw the tortoise lurching along down the path. He was half-way to the gate.

"Look, Mummy, look!" she cried in great excitement. "There's Nelson! He has started to walk to Granny's all by himself."

And while Mummy went back to fetch the basket Virginia captured her pet, and the tortoise was put in his comfortable bed.

And when Granny said she thought that Nelson was one of the prettiest tortoises she had ever seen Virginia was completely happy.